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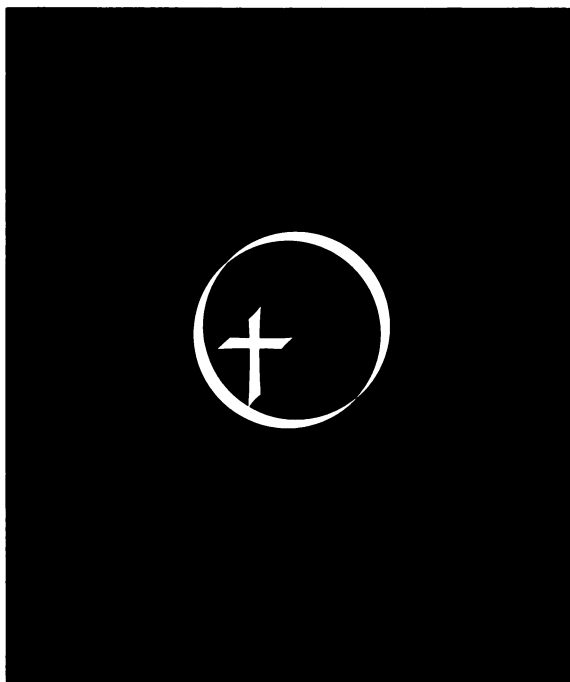
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MINISTER'S HAND-BOOK

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SAVAGE



Charles Bulkeley Ames  
'08



# Ministers' Hand-Book:

FOR

CHRISTENINGS, WEDDINGS, AND FUNERALS.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

*Minot Judson*  
M. J. SAVAGE.

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FIFTH EDITION.

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Boston:

GEORGE H. ELLIS, 272 CONGRESS STREET.

1896.

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

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I **BEGAN** the preparation of this manual simply as a Burial Service, and for my own convenience. I had found no one that just suited me. It was a trouble to select and arrange specially for each separate occasion. I wanted more variety. I did not like to carry two or three books with me, each of them being, perhaps, too large for the pocket. The habit of reading some appropriate verses, as a part of the service, increased this inconvenience. The desire to use the fitting thoughts of extra-Biblical writers increased it still more.

Learning my plan, other ministers have expressed a desire for copies. This explains why it is published.

When publication was determined on, it was thought best to include the services for Christening and Marriage. A service-book for the pocket will be found convenient where children are to be baptized or wedding ceremonies are to be performed at the house.

By selection and combination, it is hoped that both variety and adaptation to all ordinary occasions may be attained.

BOSTON, March, 1880.

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## PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

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THAT this little Hand-book came into a place that was waiting for it (or a better one) is proved by the fact that the first edition is exhausted, and that unfilled orders are waiting for its reissue.

The editor and compiler has taken advantage of the present occasion to revise and, as he believes, considerably improve it. He has availed himself, as far as was practicable, of the suggestions of his brother ministers; and he takes this opportunity to thank them for their kindness.

Let him who is inclined to think it incomplete look carefully over the field, and he will be surprised to find how little material there is that is just what is wanted. There is a large amount, both of prose and verse, that is *almost*, but *not quite*, suitable. There is an abundance that is good for quiet reading at home, but that is not adapted to be made a part of a public service.

Blank leaves are furnished for those who wish to fill in with any favorite readings of their own that may have been omitted.

Boston, April, 1882.



## PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

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It only needs that attention be called to the fact that the compiler has tried to make this third edition of the Hand-book still more worthy of the demand that has exhausted the other two. It has been carefully revised, and yet more enlarged. Its size, however, has still been limited by the original intention of fitting it to be easily carried in the pocket.

Though prepared specially for the use of ministers, it has been found that many others have wished to possess this collection of prose and verse for its own sake.

SHELburnE, N.H., July, 1889.



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## Baptism of Children.

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AND Jesus took a child and set him in the midst ; and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children, in my name, receiveth me ; and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but Him that sent me. •

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them ; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them ; but when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones ; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

In sympathy, as we believe, with the spirit of Jesus, we are about to dedicate this child to God, *in baptism*. This water is the emblem of that



purity which God desires in the souls of his children,—that purity which was in Jesus, his beloved Son, through whom we are called to pureness and holiness of living.

Will ye do your best to instruct this child in the truth of God? And will ye faithfully endeavour to rear *him* in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

*Answer.*— We will.

Name this child.

*And, repeating the name, the Minister shall baptize the child, saying :*

In the faith, fellowship, and hope of the gospel I dedicate thee to God, our Father in heaven.

Let us pray :

Almighty and everlasting God, who hast promised unto us that thou wilt not only be our God but the God and father of our children, admit this child, we beseech thee, into the bosom of the Church, into the service of all truth, into the arms of thy mercy, and into the communion of saints. Grant to *him* a healthful body, a good understanding, sweet dispositions, and rich measures of thy Holy Spirit, that being steadfast in faith, joyful in hope, and rooted in charity, *he* may safely pass through the temptations of this world and have part with thy faithful children in the life to come.

*Endue these thy servants, O God, with wisdom*

from above. Help them in thine own best way to consecrate to thy service this cherished gift of thy goodness. By thy Holy Spirit aid them, and all who are here present, so to live before thee in love and obedience, as finally to see thy face in joy and peace eternal. Amen.

*A hymn may here be sung.*

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our minds and hearts in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ; and the blessing of God, the Father Almighty, be amongst us, and remain with us always. Amen.

## Flower Sunday and Consecration of Children.

---

[For this service choose some Sunday in May or June after flowers are plenty. Let the Sunday-school children take a prominent part. As far as possible have all the children born into the households of the church during the year presented by their parents or guardians. Let them be grouped about the Minister, or in front of the pulpit, while the Sunday-school children or the choir sing an appropriate hymn.]

*The Minister shall read or say :*

And Jesus took a child, and set him in the midst of them. And when he had taken him in his arms, he said: Whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. And whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but Him that sent me.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father, who is in heaven.

DEAR FRIENDS :

It was said in old times that "children are an heritage and gift that cometh from the Lord"; and in most cases the birth of a child is rightly *considered as an occasion of joy and thanksgiving.* *The little ones* have come into the midst of life's

duties and dangers at our invitation, not their own : they should therefore be received into arms of loving welcome and tender care.

It is a most serious responsibility to bring them here, to add thus to the world's sum of good or evil ; and we should not dare to do it, unless we are earnestly ready to do all we can to make their lives a blessing both to themselves and to others.

With these most serious thoughts in mind, and in accordance with the spirit and the truths of the religion which we profess, we are about to consecrate these children of ours to the love and service of our heavenly Father. In their tiny hands, they hold the future ; and that future will be good or evil as they shall make it. We consecrate them then to purity and truth, believing that thus only can they attain to the highest happiness and well-being for themselves, and be of the noblest service to others.

This water with which we touch their foreheads is the fitting symbol of a pure heart and a clean life. These flowers which we bestow upon them are appropriate tokens and emblems of the unfolding graces of a noble life and the fragrance of good deeds.

You, then, as the parents and guardians of these children, do solemnly promise and engage that, to the best of your ability, you will instruct and train them in the principles of all right living ; that you will help them to be fearless, impartial, and reverent seekers after truth ; and that

you will endeavor to set them such an example as they may safely follow.

*Answer.*— We do.

*Then, naming each child in turn, while touching its forehead with water, and holding in his hand a bunch of flowers to be given the child after the formula is repeated, the Minister shall say :*

— — —, in the use of this water, an emblem of purity, and the gift of these flowers, a symbol of the unfolding of a beautiful life, I consecrate thee to God and his truth forever. Amen.

Let us pray.

*The prayer may be extempore or read, at the option of the Minister.*

[To each child, after the formula of consecration, the Minister gives a bunch of flowers, which it is recommended shall be preserved as a memento of the service. As the children are taken away, the Sunday-school children or the choir will sing a concluding song.]

## Consecration or Confirmation of those of Riper Years.

---

DEAR FRIENDS :

Let us hear the words of the wise, that have come down to us from ancient times, and that have been proved true by the experience of the world.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Only those who are foolish despise instruction. Forget not the law of righteousness. For long life and peace shall add to thee.

The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor.

Wisdom is the principal thing : therefore get wisdom ; and, with all thy getting, get understanding.

Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.

The memory of the just is blessed ; but the memory of the wicked shall rot.

The value of a virtuous woman is far above rubies.

She will do good, and not evil, all the days of her life.

Strength and honor are her clothing, and she *shall rejoice* in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

Her children rise up, and call her blessed.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain ; but she that feareth the Lord shall be praised.

Do not lay up treasures on the earth only. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

Watch ye, stand fast in your faith, quit ye like men, be strong.

When Moses was come of years, he refused the pleasures and riches of Egypt, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God.

Pure religion and undefiled before God is this : to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep unspotted from the world.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God.

Now are we children of God ; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but when we see him as he is, we shall be like him.

Every one that hath his hope purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

Some of you were consecrated to God and his truth when as yet you were too young to understand the obligations then entered into on your behalf. Some of you, perhaps, are now here for *the first time* to make this public dedication of *yourselves* to a noble life.

*It is, of course, true that one may lead a right-*

eous and helpful life without making any formal pledges so to do. But in a world like this, where so much needs to be done to establish the kingdom of God (which is the perfect condition of man), it is fitting that those who are willing to consecrate themselves to the work of fighting against all evil and helping forward all good should know each other and pledge themselves to mutual aid.

By presenting yourselves here to-day, you do not commit yourselves to any fixed intellectual creed, but only to a moral purpose. Indeed, it is a part of your pledge that you will discard whatever belief you discover to be false, and freely accept whatever you become convinced is true. Only you are to be careful that neither haste, prejudice, nor passion shall control you either to accept or reject.

To find the truth and practically apply it in helping your fellow-men to be happier and better,—this is to be your life-work.

Do you now, therefore, pledge yourselves, in all earnestness and sincerity, to do your utmost to renounce all evil and error, and to do all you can to make the world better?

*Answer.*— We do.

*Then the Minister shall say :*

This water is an emblem of purity of heart and life. And this bunch of flowers is a symbol of a life unfolding in beauty and holding in its heart



the seeds of results that shall grow and bear fruit hereafter.

*Here the Minister shall baptize those who desire it, saying :*

I consecrate thee, — — —, to God and his truth, and to the service of your fellow-men forever. Amen.

*Then he may give each a bunch of flowers. When this is done, he shall say, addressing them all :*

We now receive you into the fellowship of all those who are heartily devoted to God, to truth, and to the help of man.

Let us pray.

*After the prayer, the service may be fittingly closed by singing a hymn.*

[If desirable, the flowers, and that part of the service connected with them, can be omitted.]

## Marriage Service, No. 1.

---

### EPISCOPAL SERVICE.

*(With slight changes.)*

DEARLY BELOVED, we are gathered together here, in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is commended of Saint Paul to be honorable among all men: and therefore is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God. Into this holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

*And also speaking unto the persons who are to be married,  
the Minister shall say :*

I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured, that if any persons are joined together otherwise than as God's law doth allow, their marriage is not lawful.

*The minister, if he shall have reason to doubt of the lawfulness of the proposed marriage, may demand sufficient surety for his indemnification; but, if no impediment shall be alleged or suspected, the Minister shall say to the man :*

M., wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

*The man shall answer :*

I will.

*Then shall the Minister say unto the woman :*

N., wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou cherish and care for him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

*The woman shall answer :*

I will.

*Then shall the Minister say :*

Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

*Then shall they give their troth to each other in this manner.*

*The Minister, receiving the woman at her father's or friend's hands, shall cause the man with his right hand*

*to take the woman by her right hand, and to say after him as followeth :*

I, M., take thee, N., to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance ; and thereto I plight thee my troth.

*Then shall they loose their hands ; and the woman, with her right hand taking the man by his right hand, shall likewise say after the Minister :*

I, N., take thee, M., to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance ; and thereto I give thee my troth.

*Then shall they again loose their hands ; and the man shall give unto the woman a ring. And the Minister taking the ring shall deliver it unto the man, to put it upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand. And the man holding the ring there, and taught by the Minister, shall say :*

With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow ; In the name of our Father in Heaven. Amen.

*Then the man, leaving the ring upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, the Minister shall say :*

*Then the man, leaving the ring upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, the Minister shall say :*

Let us pray :

Giver of all good and fountain of all joy, the guide, support, and felicity of all who put their

trust in thee : we beseech thee to bless these thy servants. Enable them faithfully to perform the covenant they have now made in thy presence. May their hearts be united in the closest bonds of love. May they be counsel and strength, and light and comfort, one to the other ; sharers of each other's joys, consolers of each other's sorrows, and helpers to each other in all the changes and chances of the world. Hand in hand, and heart with heart, trusting in each other and in thee, may they tread together the path of life. Be thou, O Father, their guard and guide. And lead them through this transitory world to the life eternal. Amen.

*Then shall the Minister speak unto the Company,*

Forasmuch as M. and N. have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth, each to the other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving a ring, and by joining hands ; I pronounce that they are man and wife. Amen.

*And the Minister shall add this Blessing :*

The Lord mercifully with his favor look upon you, and fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace ; that ye may so live together in this life that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen.

We are met together here in  
the sight of God and before  
these witnesses to join together  
this man and this woman in  
in the bonds of marriage, which  
is an estate instituted by God,  
guarded by the teaching of  
Jesus, and made honorable by the  
faithful keeping of good men  
and good women in all time. It  
is not to be entered into lightly  
nor unadvisedly by anyone,  
but soberly, discreetly, and in  
the name of the Almighty God.

The first of these is the fact that the
 evidence is not sufficient to establish
 the guilt of the accused. The second
 is the fact that the evidence is not
 sufficient to establish the guilt of the
 accused. The third is the fact that the
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 that the evidence is not sufficient to
 establish the guilt of the accused. The
 tenth is the fact that the evidence is
 not sufficient to establish the guilt of
 the accused.

## Marriage Service, No. 2.

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NOTE.—The following service may suit the wants of those who do not like the form of *giving away* the bride,—a relic of the barbaric time when woman was *owned* and could be given away; as also, those who—as bride or groom—do not like to take so large a part in the words of the service. It can be used without a ring, by omitting that part of the form. In that case, of course, the closing words would be changed, and might read: “I then, by virtue of authority,” etc.

Of course the prayers, in either service, can be extempore, if the Minister prefers.

If desired, the opening questions to both the man and the woman can be asked as one question; thus omitting the first answers (I do), and only answering once (I will).

*The parties standing arm in arm, the Minister shall say:*

DEAR FRIENDS, we have gathered here this {<sup>morning</sup>  
afternoon  
evening} to unite this man and this woman in holy marriage. This is an institution ordained by God in the very laws of our being, for the happiness and welfare of mankind. To be true, this outward ceremony must be but a symbol of that which is inner and real,—a sacred union of hearts that the Church may bless and the State make legal, but that neither can create or annul. To be happy, there must be a consecration of each to other, and of both to the noblest ends of life.

Believing that in such a spirit as this and with such a purpose you have now come, you may join *your right hands*.



*To the Man.*

You, —, take this woman, —, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, to have and to hold, from this day forth, as your lawful wedded wife?

*Ans.*— I do.

You will love, honor, cherish, and protect her in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, and, leaving all other, you will cleave only unto her, so long as you both shall live?

*Ans.*— I will.

*To the Woman.*

You, —, take this man, —, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, to have and to hold, from this day forth, as your lawful wedded husband?

*Ans.*— I do.

You will love, honor, cherish, and care for him, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, and, leaving all other, you will cleave only unto him, so long as you both shall live?

*Ans.*— I will.

*To the Man.*

What pledge do you offer that you will fulfil these vows?

*Ans.*— This ring.

*He hands it to the Minister.*

*To the Woman.*

Do you, on your part, accept this in token of the same?

*Ans.*— I do.

*To the Man.*

*Handing back the ring.*

You will then place it on the fourth finger of the left hand.

*After this is done, and they have again joined their right hands,*

*To them both.*

Forasmuch, then, as you have now pledged your mutual vows, and have given and received a ring in token of the same, I — by virtue of authority vested in me by the State, and in the name of our Father in heaven — pronounce you husband and wife.

Let us pray :

Our Heavenly Father, who hast set the human race in families, binding us together by these sacred and tender ties, these, thy children, have now, with clasped hands and mutual pledges, taken upon themselves these life-long obligations. We trust that it is indeed true that these outward acts only symbolize a union of hearts already made sacred by the holy love with which thou hast bound them together. From out the innumerable multitudes of earth these two have come, looked in each other's faces, and are made one. Their converging ways have united, and henceforth are to be the same.

If it be possible, may their paths be ever easy and pleasant beneath their feet. May the skies be ever sunny over their heads. But, if sorrow must come,— as it comes to all,—let the press-

ure of trial only bind them closer together. Let the experiences through which they pass only make them more and more completely one. With clasped hands and united hearts, may they accept life's joys and bear its burdens. And, if their sun goes down and night darkens their sky, may it at least be bright with the stars of hope.

And when the day of life is over, and the evening shadows fall, like tired but happy children, may they come home to thee, and find the door of the Father's house wide open to their returning feet.

#### BENEDICTION.

And now the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen.

## Marriage Service, No. 3.

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*For those who desire a brief service.*

Standing, as you now do, in the presence of God and these witnesses, you covenant each to take the other as your companion and bosom friend for life. And you solemnly promise that you will continue to love, honor, and cherish each other; that you will perform, in conscientious fidelity, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, all the duties resulting from the marriage relation, so long as you both shall live?

*Ans. each.*—I do.

*The ring, as in preceding service, if desired.*

*Closing words (as in preceding).*

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

## Order of Burial Service.

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1. Singing.
2. Readings of Scripture Selections.
3. Reading Poetic Selections.
4. Singing.
5. Address.
6. Prayer.
7. Singing.
8. Benediction.

If there is singing only twice, let it be at Nos. 1 and 7, omitting No. 4. Frequently, no singing will be provided. In that case, the above order may be observed, only with the singing omitted.

Sometimes, it may be best to extend the readings and omit the address.

## Burial of the Dead.

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### Death.

MAN, that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not. Behold, thou hast made my days as a hand-breadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. They are passed away as the swift ships. There is but a step between me and death. All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as a flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.

(Men) dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust. We are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers. Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. (See, then, that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the

world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest,

Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep : in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

We spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. O, satisfy us early with thy mercy ; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us : and establish thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

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There is nothing that nature has made necessary which is more easy than death. What a shame is it, then, to stand in fear of anything so long that *is over so soon* ! It is not death itself that is *dreadful*, but the fear of it that goes before it.

Why was such a one taken away in the prime of his years? Life is to be measured by action, not by time. A man may die old at thirty, and young at fourscore. Nay, the one lives after death; and the other perished before he died. The fear of death is a continual slavery, as the contempt of it is certain liberty.

*Seneca.*

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### Death of a Child.

And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.

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And when the child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head. And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died.

And she went up, and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out. And she called unto her husband, and said, Send me, I pray thee, one of the young men, and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God, and come again. And he said, Wherefore wilt thou go to him to-day? it is neither new moon, nor sabbath.



And she said, It shall be well. Then she saddled an ass, and said to her servant, Drive, and go forward; slack not thy riding for me, except I bid thee. So she went and came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold, yonder is that Shunamite: run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.

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David therefore besought God for the child; and David fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth. And the elders of his house arose, and went to him, to raise him up from the earth; but he would not, neither did he eat bread with them.

And it came to pass on the seventh day that the child died. And the servants of David feared to tell him that the child was dead: for they said, Behold, while the child was yet alive, we spake unto him, and he would not hearken unto our voice: how will he then vex himself, if we tell him that the child is dead?

But when David saw that his servants whispered, David perceived that the child was dead: therefore David said unto his servants, Is the child dead? And they said, He is dead. Then David arose from the earth, and washed, and *anointed himself*, and changed his apparel, and *came into the house of the Lord*, and worshipped:

then he came to his own house; and when he required, they set bread before him, and he did eat.

Then said his servants unto him, What thing is this that thou hast done? thou didst fast and weep for the child, while it was alive; but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread. And he said, While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

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And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

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A Hindu mother gave birth to a son. When the boy was able to walk by himself, he died. The young mother carried the dead child clasped to her bosom, and went from house to house, asking if any one could give her medicine for it. Some

regarded her as mad; but a wise man said: "I cannot cure your son, but I know one who can attend to it. You must go to him: he can give medicine."

Then she went to him, and said, "Lord and master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my boy?" He answered, "I know of some." She asked, "What medicine do you require?" The sage replied, "I require a handful of mustard-seed taken from a house where no son, husband, parent, or servant has died." The mother then went about with her dead child, asking for the mustard-seed. The people said, "Here is some mustard-seed: take it." Then she asked, "In my friend's house has there died a son, a husband, a parent, or a servant?" They replied: "What is this you say? The living are few, but the dead are many."

Then she went to other houses; but one said, "I have lost my son"; another, "I have lost my parent"; until at last she said: "This is a heavy task I have undertaken. I am not the only one whose son is dead. In the whole country, children are dying, parents are dying."

The woman went and laid her child down in the forest, and then came to the teacher. He said to her, "Have you received the handful of mustard-seed?" She answered, "I have not: the people of the village told me, The living are few, but the dead are many." Then he said to her, "You thought that you alone had lost a son; the law of *death rules all.*"

Then the mother devoted herself to helping others.

*With slight changes, from Conway's version of one of Buddha's Parables.*

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The messenger you sent to tell me of the death of my little daughter missed his way. But I heard of it through another.

I pray you let all things be done without ceremony or timorous superstition. And let us bear our affliction with patience. I do know very well what a loss we have had ; but, if you should grieve overmuch, it would trouble me still more. She was particularly dear to you ; and when you call to mind how bright and innocent she was, how amiable and mild, then your grief must be peculiarly bitter. For not only was she kind and generous to other children, but even to her very playthings.

But should the sweet remembrance of those things which so delighted us when she was alive only afflict us now, when she is dead ? Or is there danger that, if we cease to mourn, we shall forget her ? But since she gave us so much pleasure while we had her, so ought we to cherish her memory, and make that memory a glad rather than a sorrowful one. And such reasons as we would use with others, let us try to make effective with ourselves. And as we put a limit to all riotous indulgence in our pleasures, so let us also check the excessive flow of our grief. It is well, both in action and dress, to shrink from an over-

display of mourning, as well as to be modest and unassuming on festal occasions.

Let us also call to mind the years before our little daughter was born. We are now in the same condition as then, except that the time she was with us is to be counted as an added blessing. Let us not ungratefully accuse Fortune for what was given us, because we could not also have all that we desired. What we had, and while we had it, was good, though now we have it no longer.

Remember also how much of good you still possess. Because one page of your book is blotted, do not forget all the other leaves whose reading is fair and whose pictures are beautiful. We should not be like misers, who never enjoy what they have, but only bewail what they lose.

And since she is gone where she feels no pain, let us not indulge in too much grief. The soul is incapable of death. And she, like a bird not long enough in her cage to become attached to it, is free to fly away to a purer air. For, when children die, their souls go at once to a better and a divine state. Since we cherish a trust like this, let our outward actions be in accord with it, and let us keep our hearts pure and our minds calm.

*Plutarch.*

*Written out, with some changes, from his "Consolatory Letter to his Wife," on the death of their child.*

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It is not so much what one gains or loses as *what one becomes* that makes life a failure or a success. And as the garden over which no clouds lower, and on which no rains fall, produces no

fragrant flowers and no luscious fruits, so is it in human lives. Prosperity alone rarely produces the finest results of character. A rough gem is turned into a jewel by cutting and grinding.

When blessings are lost, let us not forget that their possession, while we had them, was a positive good. The sunshine yesterday was sweet, though it be cloudy to-day. If we complain, "The Lord hath taken away," let us not forget to say, also, "The Lord gave"; and perhaps some day, though it be with tears, we may be able to add, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

A child is taken. It made the house bright, like a gleam of sunshine. It is gone, and it is dark. But was having the child so long a little thing? Would you have all the sweet memories blotted out for the sake of escaping the sorrow? Or are you not glad the little one was yours, if only for a time? Is it not "better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all"?

But why does it happen to *me*? why is my home broken, while my neighbor's circle remains complete? But are we ever sure that our burdens are heavier than others? Can we look into the secrets of other homes, or read the secrets of other hearts, and thus tell whose cross is hardest to bear.

An ancient fable tells the story that once, many years ago, all men and women were permitted to throw off their burdens in a heap, and then to choose from the pile any other that they preferred. *It was only a little while before they all returned and begged to carry their own old trouble once*

more. Each heart knows its own bitterness ; but who knows that his own grief is bitterer than that of his neighbor ?

But we say, The little one's life was incomplete. He had only sat down to the feast when he was snatched away. He was a bud that had no time to bloom.

But who gathers a bouquet, and does not think the buds the finest part ? The bud is as perfect as the flower. And, were it not, can it not blossom in any conservatory but ours ?

And shall heaven have no children in it ? Must none but gray hairs pass through its gates ? Or shall not, rather, glad, gleesome children, with flowing hair and merry eyes, go with laughter through its doorways, to meet "their angels" who "do always behold the face of their Father in heaven" ?

Let us not forget that there are two sides to dying,—this earth side and the heaven side. The stars that go out when morning comes do not stop shining : only some other eyes in some other land are made glad by them.

Suppose an emigrant family,—part of it in Europe and part here in our New World. When a ship sets sail with one more on board, there are good-bys and heavy hearts and tears among those left behind. But when, across the sea, the same ship comes to port, what greetings and gladness and laughter ! Ought not those who are left to mitigate their sorrow by some thought of the *gladness of those on the other side* ?

*Have not some passed over from all our homes ?*

Shall we not pause in our weeping long enough to remember that our sad farewell is followed by a glad reunion there? The boat, with its muffled oars, pushes off, and we lose sight of it through the mist of our tears. But its keel shall hardly touch the sunny shore of that other land, before our loved one shall leap out and be clasped in the arms of those who long have waited.

M. J. S.

*With changes, from "Light on the Cloud."*

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(SPOKEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.)

My Friends, I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words; and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life, the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth the patriarchs and babes sleep side by side. Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing,—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate,—the child dying in its mother's arms, before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven



road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

Every cradle asks us, "Whence?" and every coffin, "Whither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophecy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. Maybe this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate; and I had rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is and is to be tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life, the needs and duties of each hour, their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace, almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their *lives will surely be as good as ours.*

*We have no fear. We are all children of the*

same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this,— help for the living, hope for the dead.

*R. G. Ingersoll*

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### *The Sorrows of Bereavement.*

Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped. And said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day. And Job spake, and said, Let the day perish wherein I was born. Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it.

As for that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months. Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein. Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day.

For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest. There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is *free from his master.*

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad when they can find the grave? Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me; for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee. Deep calleth unto deep: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

*As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where*

is thy God? Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.

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Next to the encounter of death in our own bodies, the most sensible calamity is the death of a friend. It were inhumanity, and not virtue, not to be moved. In such cases, we cannot command ourselves: we cannot forbear weeping, and we ought not to forbear. We may accuse fate, but we cannot alter it: it is not to be removed either with reproaches or tears. They may carry us to the dead, but never bring them back again to us. To mourn without measure is folly; and not to mourn at all is insensibility.

The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one. In some respects, I have lost what I have had; in others, I still retain what I have lost. It is an ill construction of Providence to reflect only upon my friend's being taken away, without any regard to the benefit of his being once given me.

Let us therefore make the best of our friends while we have them. He that has lost a friend has more cause of joy that he once had him, than of grief that he is taken away. That which is past we are sure of. It is impossible to make it not to have been. But there is no applying of consolation to fresh and bleeding sorrow: the very discourse irritates the grief and inflames it.

Seneca.

### The Discipline of Sorrow.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort ; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

Wait on the Lord ; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart ; wait, I say, on the Lord. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him : for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence : shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live ? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure ; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness.

Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees ; and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lamed be turned out of the way ; but let it rather be healed.

For which cause we faint not ; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which *is but for a moment*, worketh for us a far more

exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground. For he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path.

*I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the*

goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge, and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver me from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

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#### Death of a Public Man.

Let us call to remembrance the great and the good through whom the Lord hath wrought glory and honor; such as were leaders of the people, men renowned for power, for counsel, for understanding and foresight; wise and eloquent in their *teachings*, and by their knowledge made fit helpers *of their fellow-men*.

They were musicians, poets, just rulers, wise seekers after truth. They were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times. They have left a name behind them, and their remembrance is sweet as honey in all mouths. And, though some have left no memorial behind them, yet their righteousness is not lost, and the blessed results of their goodness cannot be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace; but their work lives on forever.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and after-times will show forth their praise. For the memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with men. While it is present, men take example of it; and, when it is gone, they earnestly desire it. It weareth a crown forever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, and the memory of the just shall be blessed. We mourn for them, saying: "Beautiful wast thou in thy life! How are the mighty ones fallen! Yet God shall not leave thy soul in the grave, nor suffer his holy ones to see corruption!"

Seeing therefore that we are compassed about with such a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us. And as they fought a good fight, finished their course, and held fast to their trust, so may we, taking them for an example.

Whatsoever things are true, and whatsoever things are honest; whatsoever things are just, and whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever



things are lovely and of good report: if there is any virtue or anything worthy of praise, let us think on these things.

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Let us now praise famous men. . . . The Lord hath wrought great glory by them, . . . men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding and declaring prophecies, . . . leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions, . . . such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing, . . . all these were honored in their generation, and were the glory of their times. . . . These be of them that have left a name behind, that their praises might be reported. . . . Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth forevermore.

While I was yet young, or ever I went abroad, I desired wisdom openly in my prayer. I prayed for her before the temple, and will seek her out even to the end. Even from the flower till the grape was ripe hath my heart delighted in her: my foot went in the right way. . . . I bowed down mine ear, . . . and got much learning. I profited therein: therefore will I ascribe glory to Him that giveth me wisdom.

I also came out as a drain from a river, and as a conduit into a garden. I said, I will water my best garden, and will water abundantly my garden bed; and, lo! my brook became a river, and my *river became a sea*. . . . I will yet make doctrine *to shine as the morning*, and will send her light

afar off. I will yet pour out doctrine as prophecy, and leave it to all ages forever. Behold that I have not labored for myself only, but for all them that seek wisdom.

The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure. . . . He that giveth his mind to the law of the Most High, and is occupied in the meditation thereof, will seek out the wisdom of the ancient. . . . He will keep the sayings of renowned men ; and where subtle parables are, he will be there also. He will seek out the secrets of grave sentences. . . . He will travel through strange countries ; for he hath tried the good and the evil among men. . . . When the great Lord will, he shall be filled with the spirit of understanding, and give thanks unto the Lord in his prayer. . . . He shall show forth that which he hath learned. . . . Many shall commend his understanding, and so long as the world endureth it shall not be blotted out.

Let the counsel of thine own heart stand ; for there is no man more faithful to thee than it. For a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower.

The Lord Almighty is God alone. . . . He filleth all things with his wisdom. . . . He maketh the doctrine of knowledge appear as the light. . . . The first man knew her not perfectly ; no more shall the last find her out. For her thoughts are more than the sea, and her counsels profounder than the great deep.

*Sentences from Ecclesiasticus.*

### The Hope of Immortality.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands. My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.

God created man to be immortal. He made him an image of his own eternity. The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no evil touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die; and their going from us is thought to be destruction. But they are in peace. Their hope is full of immortality.

The righteous live for evermore. Their reward is with the Lord; and they are in the care of the Most High. They shall receive a glorious kingdom and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but God giveth it a body as it *hath pleased him*, and to every seed his own body.

*All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one*

kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial ; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars ; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the higher life of the dead.

It is sown in corruption ; it is raised in incorruption : it is sown in dishonor ; it is raised in glory : it is sown in weakness ; it is raised in power : it is sown a natural body ; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural ; and afterward that which is spiritual. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy ; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God ; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?

*For we know that if our earthly house of this*

tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Blessed are the dead. They rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it. And the nations shall walk in the light of it. The gates of it shall not be shut at all; and there shall be no night there.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

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This life is only a prelude to eternity, where we *are to expect* another state of things. We have *no prospect of* heaven here, but at a distance: let

us, therefore, expect our last hour with courage. The last I say to our bodies, but not to our minds. The day which we fear as our last is but the birthday of eternity. What we fear as a rock proves to be a harbor. He who dies young has only made a quick voyage of it. What if death comes? If it does not stay with us, why should we fear it?

What it is we know not. And it were rash to condemn what we do not understand. But this we presume, either we shall pass out of this life into a better one, where we shall live in diviner mansions, or else return to our first principles, free from any sense of inconvenience.

That which we call death is but a pause or suspension, and in truth a progress to life: only our thoughts look downward upon the body, and not forward upon things to come. It is the care of a wise and good man to look to his manners and actions; and rather how well he lives than how long. To die sooner or later is not the business, but to die well or ill; for death brings us to immortality.

*Seneca.*

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Those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. There is great reason to hope that death is a good. For one of two things: either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or there is a migration of the soul from this world to another.

Now, if there is no consciousness, but a sleep, undisturbed by dreams, death will be a gain; for *eternity is then but a single night.*

But if death is the journey to another place, and there all the dead are, what good, O my friends, can be greater than this? What would not a man give, if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I shall have a wonderful interest in there meeting and conversing with the heroes of old.

Above all, I shall then be able to continue my search into knowledge. What delight would there be in conversing with [the great and good] and asking them questions!

[And] besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death. To die and be released [is] better for me.

I am not angry with my condemners or with my accusers. They have done me no harm, although they did not intend to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways,— I to die and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

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The soul, which cannot die, merits all the moral and intellectual improvement we can possibly give it. A Spirit, formed to live forever, should be making continual advances in virtue and wisdom. *At death, such a soul is conducted by its invisible guardian to the heights of heavenly felicity, where*

it becomes the associate of the wise and good of all ages. . . .

Is it not strange, my friends, that, after all I have said to convince you I am going to the society of the happy, you still think this body to be Socrates? Bury my lifeless body where you please ; but do not mourn over it, as if *that* were Socrates. . . .

It would be wrong for me not to be grieved to die, if I did not think I should go to dwell with men who have departed from this life, and are better than any who are here. And be assured I hope to go and dwell among good men. I entertain a good hope that something awaits those who die, and that it will be better for the good than for the evil, as has been said long since.

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*Socrates, 469 B.C.*

The soul lives after the body dies. The soul passes through the gate ; he makes a way in the darkness to his Father. He has pierced the heart of evil, to do the things of his Father. He has come a prepared Spirit. He says : Hail, thou Self-Created ! Do not turn me away. I am one of thy types on earth. I have not privily done evil against any man ; I have not been idle ; I have not made any to weep ; I have not murdered ; I have not defrauded ; I have not committed adultery. I am pure.

*The Judge of the Dead answers :*

Let the soul pass on. He is without sin ; he lives upon truth. He has made his delight in *doing* what men say, and what the gods wish.



He has given food to the hungry ; drink to the thirsty ; and clothes to the naked. His lips are pure, and his hands are pure. His heart weighs right in the balance. The departed fought on earth the battle of the good gods, as his Father, the Lord of the Invisible World, had commanded him. O God, the protector of him who has brought his cry unto thee, make it well with him in the world of Spirits !

*A portion of the Egyptian Book of the Dead found in ancient tombs, written on papyrus,—2000 B.C.*

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May thy soul attain to the Creator of all mankind. . . . These have found grace in the eyes of the Great God. They dwell in the abodes of glory, where the heavenly life is led. The bodies which they have abandoned will repose forever in their tombs, while they will enjoy the presence of the Great God.

*Writing in Egyptian tombs,—2000 B.C.*

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The God of the Dead waits enthroned in immortal light to welcome the good into his kingdom of joy : to the homes he had gone to prepare for them, where the One Being dwells beyond the stars.

*Oldest of the Vedas, Hindu,—1500 B.C.*

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Death does not differ at all from life.

*Thales, Grecian,—born 640 B.C.*

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*The evil-doer mourns in this world, and he will mourn in the next world : in both worlds has he*

sorrow. He grieves, he is tormented, seeing the evil of his deeds.

The virtuous man rejoices in this world, and he will rejoice in another world : in both worlds hath he joy. He rejoices, he exults, seeing the virtue of his deeds.

As kindred, friends, and dear ones salute him who hath travelled far and returned home safe, so will good deeds welcome him who goes from this world and enters another.

*Dhammapada, Buddha, Sakya, Hindu,—born 627 B.C.*

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The man who has constantly contended against evil, morally and physically, outwardly and inwardly, may fearlessly meet death ; well assured that radiant Spirits will lead him across the luminous bridge into a paradise of eternal happiness. . . . Souls risen from the graves will know each other, and say, That is my father, or my brother, my wife, or my sister.

*Zendavesta, Persian, Zoroaster,—589 B.C.*

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When thou shalt have laid aside thy body, thou shalt rise, freed from mortality, and become a god of the kindly skies.

*Pythagoras, Grecian,—born 580 B.C.*

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My body must descend to the place ordained, but my soul will not descend : being a thing immortal, it will ascend on high, where it will enter a heavenly abode.

*Heraclitus, Ephesian,—500 B.C.*

The soul is the principle of life, which the Sovereign Wisdom employed to animate bodies. Matter is inert and perishable. The soul thinks, acts, and is immortal. . . . There is another invisible, external existence superior to this visible one, which does not perish when all things perish. Those who attain to this never return.

*Bhagavadgita, Hindu,—200 B.C.*

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The soul is not born ; it does not die. It was not produced from any one, nor was any produced from it. Unborn, eternal, it is not slain, though the body is slain. Subtler than what is subtle, greater than what is great,—sitting, it goes far ; sleeping, it goes everywhere. Thinking of the soul as unbodily among bodies, and firm among fleeting things, the wise man casts off all grief.

*Buddhist Scripture.*

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The effect of water poured on the root of a tree is seen aloft in the branches and fruit ; so in the next world are seen the effects of good deeds performed here.

*Buddhist Scriptures, Siam.*

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There are treasures laid up in the heart,—treasures of charity, piety, temperance, and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death, when he leaves this world.

*Buddhist Scriptures, Ceylon.*

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Man never dies. The soul inhabits the body *for a time*, and leaves it again. The soul is my *self*: the body is only my dwelling-place. Birth is

not birth: there is a soul already existent when the body comes to it. Death is not death: the soul merely departs, and the body falls. It is because men see only their bodies that they love life and hate death.

*Buddhist Scriptures, Chinese.*

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It is impossible there should be much happiness in this life; but there is great hope that after death every person may obtain what he most wishes for. This doctrine is not new, but has been known both to Greeks and other nations. . . .

The soul of each of us is an immortal Spirit, and goes to other immortals to give an account of its actions. . . .

Can the soul be destroyed? No. But if in this present life it has shunned being governed by the body, and has governed itself within itself, and has separated from the body in a pure state, taking nothing sensual away with it, does it not then depart to that which resembles itself,—to the invisible, the divine, the wise, the immortal? And, on its arrival there, is it not freed from errors, ignorance, fears, wild passions, and all other human evils? . . .

Those who have lived a holy life, when they are freed from this earth and set at large, will arrive at a pure abode above, and live through all future time. They will arrive at habitations more beautiful than it is easy to describe.

*Plato,—429 B.C.*

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O glorious day, when I shall remove from this confused crowd to join the divine assembly of

souls ! For I shall go not only to meet great men, but also my own son. His spirit, looking back upon me, departed to that place whither he knew that I should soon come ; and he has never deserted me. If I have borne his loss with courage, it is because I consoled myself with the thought that our separation would not be for long.

*Cato (as quoted by Cicero),—born 243 B.C.*

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When I consider the faculties with which the human soul is endowed,—its amazing celerity, its wonderful power of recollecting past events, and its sagacity in discerning the future, together with its numberless discoveries in the arts and sciences,—I feel a conscious conviction that this active, comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature.

And as this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows that its activity must continue forever. I am induced to embrace this opinion, not only as agreeable to the best deductions of reason, but also in deference to the authority of the noblest and most distinguished philosophers.

I consider this world as a place which Nature never intended for my permanent abode ; and I look on my departure from it, not as being driven *from my habitation*, but simply as leaving an inn.

*Cicero, Roman,—born 106 B.C.*

In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. . . .

They who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world cannot die any more ; for they are equal unto the angels.

Now that the dead are raised, even Moses sheweth at the bush, when he called the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob ; for he is not a God of the dead, but of the living.

*Jesus Christ, Israelite. New Testament.*

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Not by lamentations and mournful chants ought we to celebrate the funeral of a good man, but by hymns ; for, in ceasing to be numbered with mortals, he enters upon the heritage of a diviner life.

*Plutarch, Grecian,—50 A.D.*

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Is it a misfortune to pass from infancy to youth ? Still less can it be a misfortune to go from this miserable life to that true life into which we are introduced by death. Our first changes are connected with the progressive development of life. The new change which death effects is only the passage to a more desirable perfection. To complain of the necessity of dying is to accuse Nature of not having condemned us to perpetual infancy.

*Gregory of Nyssa, Early Christian Father,—394 A.D.*

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What if earth

Be but the shadow of heaven ? and things therein

Each to the other like, more than on earth is thought ?

*John Milton, English,—1667 A.D.*

In Nature, everything is connected, like body and spirit. Our future destination is a new link in the chain of our being, which connects itself with the present link most minutely, and by the most subtle progression ; as our earth is connected with the sun, and as the moon is connected with our earth.

When death bursts the bonds of limitation, God will transplant us, like flowers, into quite other fields, and surround us with entirely different circumstances. Who has not experienced what new faculties are given to the soul by a new situation, — faculties which, in our old corner, in the stifling atmosphere of old circumstances and occupations, we had never imagined ourselves capable of ?

In these matters we can do nothing but conjecture. But wherever I may be, through whatever worlds I may be led, I know that I shall forever remain in the hands of the Father who brought me hither, and who calls me further on.

*Herder, German,—1774 A.D.*

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I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, even to positive conviction, that the Power which gave me existence is able to continue it in any form and manner he pleases, either with or without this body ; and it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter, than that I should have existence as I now have, before that existence began.

*Thomas Paine, American,—1795 A.D.*

Life is a state of embryo, a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through death.

*B. Franklin, American,—1776 A.D.*

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When we die, we shall find we have not lost our dreams: we have only lost our sleep.

*J. P. Richter, German,—1774 A.D.*

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Of what import this vacant sky, these puffing elements, these insignificant lives, full of selfish loves, and quarrels, and ennui? Everything is prospective, and man is to live hereafter. That the world is for his education is the only sane solution of the enigma.

All the comfort I have found teaches me to confide that I shall not have less in times and places that I do not yet know. I have known admirable persons, without feeling that they exhaust the possibilities of virtue and talent. I have seen glories of climate, of summer mornings and evenings, of midnight sky; I have enjoyed the benefits of all this complex machinery of arts and civilization, and its results of comfort. The Good Power can easily provide me millions more as good.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. Whatever it be which the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of his works.

*R. W. Emerson, American,—19th cent. A.D.*

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We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream: it may be so after death.

*N. Hawthorne, American,—19th cent. A.D.*

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God is our Father. Heaven is his high throne, and this earth is his footstool. While we sit around, and meditate or pray, one by one, as we fall asleep he lifts us into his bosom, and our waking is inside the gates of an everlasting world.

*William Mountford, American,—19th cent. A.D.*

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We go to the grave of a friend, saying, A man is dead; but angels throng about him, saying, A man is born.

*H. W. Beecher, American,—19th cent. A.D.*

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This world is simply the threshold of our vast life; the first stepping-stone from nonentity into the boundless expanse of possibility. It is the infant-school of the soul. The physical universe spread out before us, and the spiritual trials and mysteries of our discipline, are simply our primer, our grammar, our spelling dictionary, to teach us something of the language we are to use in our maturity.

*Starr King, American,—19th cent. A.D.*

## Burial Service.

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FROM A. U. A. SERVICE BOOK.

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord Jesus Christ: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God endureth forever.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for

one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither can corruption inherit incorruption. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory *which shall be revealed to us*. For eye hath not *seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man con-*

ceived, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.

The trying of your faith worketh patience. Submit yourselves to God, and the Lord will raise you up.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.

We know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect shall come, then that which is in part shall be done away. Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold! the tabernacle of God is with men; and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain: for the former things are passed away.

Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.

*Prayer may here be offered by the Minister, or said as follows:*

Holy Father, be thou blessed both now and evermore; for all that thou doest is good. Thou hast seen fit to take away one who is very dear

to us. Give us, we beseech thee, the spirit of filial submission. Enable us to say, It is well, for the Lord hath done it. May we feel that thy will is better than any thing we can desire for ourselves, and may we find comfort in holy and happy thoughts of the unseen world. Bring home to our hearts the promises of thy Son to those who fall asleep in him.

O Lord, teach us how to live so as to please thee. May nothing cause us to forget that we are pilgrims and sojourners here, as all our fathers were; and may we set our chief affections on those things which are above. Merciful Father, forgive us our sins, and raise us from the death of sin to the life of righteousness.

O Lord God, fill our hearts with gratitude for thy great loving kindness to us. When thou takest away, we see how much thou hast given. We thank thee for the sweet memory of blessings which are for a season withdrawn from us, and for the many blessings which yet remain, and for hopes which no earthly troubles can overshadow.

Blessed be thy name, O Lord, for the assurance of eternal life; for the faith that, when the night of the grave is past, a glorious morning will come, when thou shalt wipe away all tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain. Let this immortal hope sustain us in our bereavement. May we embrace thy promises, and be thankful; may we know that thou art God, and be still.

O Lord, most high, with thy whole Church throughout the world we give thee thanks for all

thy faithful servants who, having witnessed a good confession, have left the light of their example to shine before thy people on earth. Blessed be the memory of all thy saints in our hearts. Teach us, who now dwell upon earth, to practise their doctrine, to imitate their lives, and to follow their example as they have followed Christ and thee.

Hear, accept, and answer these our prayers, which we would offer to thee in the faith and spirit of thy Son. Amen.

*A Hymn may here be sung.*

May the peace of God, which passeth understanding, and the comfort of the Holy Spirit, be in your hearts always. Amen.

## Service at the Grave.

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MAN that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

In the midst of life, we are in death. Of whom may we seek for succor, but of thee, O Lord, in whom our souls do rest and hope?

We must work the work of Him that sent us while it is day; the night cometh, in which no man can work.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

From henceforth, blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

*A Hymn may be sung here, or at the close of the service.*

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of his child, we therefore commit the body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the living hope that, as he has borne the image of the earthy, so also he shall bear the image of the heavenly.



Let us pray :

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful are in joy and felicity : we thank thee for having given to us the dear friend whom thou hast now taken away, and for the blessed assurance of reunion in a better world. Oh, grant that we, with all who are departed in faith, may have our perfect consummation and bliss in thine eternal glory. Amen.

*The Lord's Prayer may here be said.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all evermore. Amen.

## Poems.

TO BE READ AS PART OF THE BURIAL SERVICE.

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NOTE.— Words or phrases may be changed or omitted to adapt the poem to the occasion.

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### From “*In Memoriam*.”

O, YET we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;  
  
That nothing walks with aimless feet ;  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete ;  
  
That not a worm is cloven in vain ;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.  
  
Behold, we know not any thing ;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last — far off — at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.  
  
So runs my dream : but what am I ?  
An infant crying in the night ;  
An infant crying for the light  
And with no language but a cry.

I falter where I firmly trod,  
 And, falling with my weight of cares  
 Upon the world's great altar-stairs  
 That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope  
 And gather dust and chaff, and call  
 To what I feel is Lord of all,  
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

This truth came, borne with bier and pall,  
 I felt it when I sorrowed most,  
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
 Than never to have loved at all.

*Tennyson.*

### TO J. S.

GOD gives us love. Something to love  
 He lends us; but, when love is grown  
 To ripeness, that on which it throve  
 Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas!  
 In grief I am not all unlearned;  
 Once through mine own doors Death did pass;  
 One went, who never hath returned.

He will not smile — not speak to me  
 Once more. Two years his chair is seen  
 Empty before us. That was he  
 Without whose life I had not been.

Your loss is rarer; for this star  
 Rose with you through a little arc  
 Of heaven, nor having wandered far,  
 Shot on the sudden into dark.

I knew your brother: his mute dust  
 I honor, and his living worth;  
 A man more pure and bold and just  
 Was never born into the earth.

I have not looked upon you nigh,  
    Since that dear soul hath fallen asleep.  
Great Nature is more wise than I :  
    I will not tell you not to weep.

And though my own eyes fill with dew,  
    Drawn from the spirit through the brain,  
I will not even preach to you,  
    " Weep, weeping dulls the inward pain."

Let Grief be her own mistress still :  
    She loveth her own anguish deep  
More than much pleasure. Let her will  
    Be done — to weep or not to weep.

I will not say, " God's ordinance  
    Of death is blown in every wind ;"  
For that is not a common chance  
    That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone  
    In all our hearts, as mournful light  
That broods above the fallen sun,  
    And dwells in heaven half the night.

Vain solace ! Memory, standing near,  
    Cast down her eyes, and in her throat  
Her voice seemed distant, and a tear  
    Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

I wrote I know not what. In truth  
    How *should* I soothe you anyway,  
Who miss the brother of your youth ?  
    Yet something I did wish to say.

For he too was a friend to me :  
    Both are my friends, and my true breast  
Bleedeth for both ; yet it may be  
    That only silence suiteth best.

Words weaker than your grief would make  
    Grief more. 'Twere better I should cease,  
Although myself could almost take  
    The place of him that sleeps in peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace :  
 Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,  
 While the stars burn, the moons increase,  
 And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.  
 Nothing comes to thee new or strange.  
 Sleep full of rest from head to feet ;  
 Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

*Tennyson.*

### He who Died at Azim.

HE who died at Azim sends  
 This to comfort all his friends :

Faithful friends ! It lies, I know,  
 Pale and white and cold as snow ;  
 And ye say, " Abdallah's dead !"  
 Weeping at the feet and head.  
 I can see your falling tears,  
 I can hear your sighs and prayers ;  
 Yet I smile and whisper this,—  
 " I am not the thing you kiss :  
 Cease your tears, and let it lie :  
 It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends ! what the women lave,  
 For the last sleep of the grave,  
 Is a hut which I am quitting,  
 Is a garment no more fitting,  
 Is a cage from which at last,  
 Like a bird, my soul hath passed.  
 Love the inmate, not the room,—  
 The wearer, not the garb,— the plume  
 Of the eagle, not the bars  
 That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends ! be wise and dry  
 Straightway every weeping eye.  
 What ye lift upon the bier  
 Is not worth a single tear.

'Tis an empty sea-shell,— one  
Out of which the pearl has gone.  
The shell is broken, it lies there :  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.  
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury,  
A mind that loved him ; let it lie !  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold is in his store !  
Allah glorious ! Allah good !  
Now thy world is understood ;  
Now the long, long wonder ends ;  
Yet ye weep, my foolish friends,  
While the man whom ye call dead,  
In unspoken bliss, instead,  
Lives and loves you,— lost, 'tis true,  
For the light that shines for you ;  
But in the light ye cannot see  
Of undisturbed felicity,—  
In a perfect paradise,  
And a life that never dies.  
Farewell, friends ! But not farewell :  
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face  
A moment's worth, a little space.  
When ye come where I have stepped,  
Ye will wonder why ye wept ;  
Ye will know, by true love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain :  
Sunshine still must follow rain ;  
Only not at death,— for death,  
Now we know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,  
Viewed from Allah's throne above.  
Be ye stout of heart, and come  
Bravely onward to your home.

La-il Allah ! Allah la !  
O love divine ! O love alway !

He who died at Azim gave  
This to those who made his grave.

*Edwin Arnold*

---

*The Secret of Death.*

"SHE is dead," they said to him. "Come away ;  
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay."

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair ;  
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair ;

With a tender touch they closed up well  
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell ;

And over her bosom they crossed her hands,—  
"Come away," they said, "God understands."

But he who loved her too well to dread  
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key,  
And turned it. Alone again,—he and she.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breast without breath,  
Is there no voice, no language of death ?

"See now, I listen with soul, not ear :  
What was the secret of dying, dear ?

"O perfect dead ! O dead most dear !  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,  
To make you so placid from head to feet !

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,  
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.

"You should not ask vainly with streaming eyes,  
Which of all death's was the chief surprise ?"

Who will believe what he heard her say,  
With a sweet soft voice, in the dear old way ?

"The utmost wonder is this : *I hear,*  
*And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear ;*

*"And am your angel, who was your bride,*  
*And know that, though dead, I have never died."*

*Edwin Arnold.*

### Night and Death.

"MYSTERIOUS night ! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
Yet, 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo ! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O sun ! or who could find,  
While leaf and fly and insect lay revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind !  
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife ?  
If *light* can thus deceive, wherefore not *life* ?"

*Blanco White.*

OH may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence · live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
To vaster issues,— So to live is heaven :  
To make undying music in the world,  
Breathing as beauteous order, that controls  
With growing sway the growing life of man.

. . . This is life to come,  
Which martyred men have made more glorious



For us who strive to follow. May I reach  
That purest heaven; be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony;  
Enkindle generous ardor; feed pure love;  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty;  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense.  
So shall I join the choir invisible,  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

*George Eliot.*

---

**Absence.**

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours  
That must be counted ere I see thy face?  
How shall I charm the interval that lowers  
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold  
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told  
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try  
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;  
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently  
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this weary blank of absence make  
A noble task-time, and will therein strive  
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this darksome time build up in me  
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;  
So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

*Frances Anne Kemble.*

*The Reaper and the Flowers.*

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;  
"Have naught but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

*Longfellow.*

*Resignation.*

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
THERE is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair !

THE air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
THE heart of Rachel for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted !

LET us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

WE see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;  
Amid these earthly damps,  
WHAT seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

THERE is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;  
THIS life of mortal breath  
IS but a suburb of the life elysian,  
WHOSE portal we call Death.

SHE is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
WHERE she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

IN that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
SAFE from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
SHE lives, whom we call dead.

DAY after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
YEAR after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
BEHOLD her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
For, when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child,

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

*Longfellow.*

---

### The Eternal Goodness.

WITHIN the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed stake my spirit clings :  
I know that God is good.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long ;  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed he will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

And so, beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.

*Whittier.*

---

*From "Snow-Bound."*

THE dear home faces whereupon  
The fitful firelight paled and shone,  
Henceforward, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still;  
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
Those lighted faces smile no more.  
We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees,  
And rustle of the bladed corn;  
We turn the pages that they read,  
Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious floor!  
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust  
(Since He who knows our need is just),  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,

Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play !  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever Lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own.

*Whittier.*

---

**Gone.**

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given ;  
And glows once more with angel-steps  
The path which reaches heaven.

The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star,—  
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed  
Eternal as the sky ;  
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—  
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to heaven a Shining One,  
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew ;  
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

There seems a shadow on the day,  
Her smile no longer cheers ;  
A dimness on the stars of night,  
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will  
One thought hath reconciled :  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,  
 And let her henceforth be  
 A messenger of love between  
 Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
 Between us and the wrong,  
 And her dear memory serve to make  
 Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here  
 Distrusted all her powers,  
 May welcome to her holier home  
 The well-beloved of ours.

*John G. Whittier.*

### *The Angel of Patience.*

TO WEARY hearts, to mourning homes,  
 God's meekest Angel gently comes :  
 No power has he to banish pain,  
 Or give us back our lost again ;  
 And yet in tenderest love our dear  
 And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance ;  
 There's rest in his still countenance !  
 He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
 Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;  
 But ills and woes he may not cure  
 He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience, sent to calm  
 Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;  
 To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
 And reconcile life's smile and tear ;  
 The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
 And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,  
 With longings for the close of day !  
 He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
 And gently whispers, " Be resigned :  
 Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
 The dear Lord ordereth all things well ! "

*John G. Whittier.*

## After the Burial.

YES, faith is a goodly anchor :  
 When skies are sweet as a psalm,  
 At the bows it lolls so stalwart,  
 In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

. . . . .

But *after* the shipwreck, tell me  
 What help in its iron thews  
 Still true to the broken hawser  
 Deep down among the sea-weed and ooze ?

. . . . .

Then better one spar of memory,  
 One broken plank of the Past,  
 That our human heart may cling to,  
 Though hopeless of shore at last.

To the spirit its splendid conjectures ;  
 To the flesh its sweet despair ;  
 Its tears o'er the time-worn locket  
 With its anguish of deathless hair !

Immortal ? I feel it, I know it :  
 Who doubts it of such as she ?  
 But that is the pang's very secret,—  
 Immortal *away from me !*

. . . . .

Console if you will ; I can bear it :  
 'Tis a well-meant alms of breath ;  
 But not all the preaching since Adam  
 Hath made Death other than Death.

It is pagan : but wait till you feel it,—  
 That jar of our earth, that dull shock,  
 When the ploughshare of deeper passion  
 Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit ? Forgive me ;  
 But I, who am earthly and weak,  
 Would give all my income for dreamland,  
 For a touch of her hand on my cheek.



That little shoe in the corner,  
So worn and wrinkled and brown,  
With its emptiness confutes you,  
And argues your wisdom down.

*Lowell.*

---

*To a Friend after the Loss of a Child.*

AFTER our child's untroubled breath  
Up to the Father took its way,  
And on our home the shade of death  
Like a long twilight haunting lay;

And friends came round, with us to weep  
Her little spirit's swift remove,—  
The story of the Alpine sheep  
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,  
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,  
And when the sod grows brown and bare  
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,  
That hang along the mountain's side,  
Where grass and flowers together lean,  
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But nought can tempt the timid things  
The steep and rugged path to try,  
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,  
And seared below the pastures lie,—

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,  
Along the dizzy verge to go,  
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,  
They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,  
More dewy soft than lowland mead,  
The shepherd drops his tender care,  
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by nature breathed,  
 Blew on me as the south wind free  
 O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed  
 From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night,  
 Would all my happy senses sway,  
 Of the good shepherd on the height,  
 Or climbing up the stony way.

Holding *our* little lamb asleep,  
 While, like the murmur of the sea,  
 Sounded that voice along the deep,  
 Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

*Maria Lowell.*

---

### The Old Man's Funeral.

I SAW an aged man upon his bier;  
 His hair was thin and white, and on his brow  
 A record of the cares of many a year,—  
 Cares that were ended and forgotten now.  
 And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,  
 And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man, and said,  
 In faltering accents to that weeping train:  
 "Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?  
 Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,  
 Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,  
 Nor when the yellow woods let fall the ripened mast.

"Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,—  
 His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,—  
 In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,  
 Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,  
 And leaves the smile of his departure spread  
 O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain-head.

*Be not sad*  
 "Why weep ye then for him, who, having won  
 The bound of man's appointed years, at last,  
 Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,  
 Serenely to his final rest has passed;  
 While the soft memory of his virtues yet  
 Lingers, like twilight hues when the bright sun is set?"

---

"His youth was innocent; his riper age  
 Marked with some act of goodness every day;  
 And, watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,  
 Faded his late declining years away:  
 Meekly he gave his being up, and went  
 To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

"That life was happy: every day he gave  
 Thanks for the fair existence that was his;  
 For a sick fancy made him not her slave,  
 To mock him with her phantom miseries;  
 No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,  
 For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

*We must be*  
 "And I am glad that he has lived thus long,  
 And glad that he has gone to his reward;  
 Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong,  
 Softly to disengage the vital cord;  
 For, when his hand grew palsied, and his eye  
 Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."  
*Dimmed*

Bryant.

---

From "Thanatopsis."

So LIVE, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan which moves  
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant.

---

Blessed are They that Mourn.

OH, deem not they are blest alone  
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep!  
 The Power who pities man hath shown  
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
 The lids that overflow with tears;  
 And weary hours of woe and pain  
 Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
 For every dark and troubled night;  
 And grief may bide an evening guest,  
 But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who, o'er thy friend's low bier,  
 Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,  
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
 Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
 Though life its common gifts deny,—  
 Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,  
 And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day  
 And numbered every secret tear,  
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
 For all his children suffer here.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

### *Here and There.*

**HERE** is the sorrow, the sighing,  
 Here are the cloud and the night;  
 Here is the sickness, the dying,—  
 There are the life and the light.

Here is the fading, the wasting,  
 The foe that so watchfully waits;  
 There are the hills everlasting,  
 The city with beautiful gates.

Here are the locks growing hoary,  
 The glass with the vanishing sands;  
 There are the crown and the glory,  
 The house that is made not with hands.

Here is the longing, the vision,  
 The hopes that so swiftly remove;  
 There is the blessed fruition,  
 The feast, and the fulness of love.

Here are the heart-strings a-tremble,  
 And here is the chastening rod;  
 There is the song and the cymbal,  
 And there is our Father and God.

*Alice Cary.*

## TO J. S.

I YIELD thee unto higher spheres,  
I bend my head and say, "Thy will  
Not mine be done," though bitter tears  
The while my eyelids fill.

I know thou hast escaped the blight  
That wilts us here, and entered now  
To perfect day,—though in the night  
Bereft of thee we bow.

And yet thy little sunny life  
Was beautiful as it was brief:  
It was not vexed by pain or strife,  
It knew but little grief.

The sunshine from our house is gone,  
And from our hearts their peace and joy:  
We feel so terribly alone  
Without thee, dearest boy!

Thou mad'st us feel how very fair  
God's earth could be, and taught us love  
And in life's tapestry of care  
A golden figure wove.

Brave as we will our hearts to bear,  
Grief will not wholly be denied;  
The ineffectual dykes we rear  
Go down before its tide.

We lie all prostrate,—cannot feel  
God's love,—we only cry aloud,  
"O God, O God!" for all things reel,  
And God hides in a cloud.

We blindly wail, for we are maimed  
Beyond repair, until at last  
He lifts us up, all bleeding, lamed,  
And shattered by the blast.

He asks, "And would you wish him back,  
Whom I have taken to my joy,—  
Drag downward to Life's narrow track  
Your little spirit boy?"

"No ! no !" the spirit makes reply :  
 "Not back to earthly chance and pain."  
 "Yet, ah !" the shattered senses cry,  
 "Would he were here again !"

He was so meshed within our love  
 That all our heart-strings bleeding lie,  
 And all fond hopes we round him wove  
 Are now but agony.

Yet let us suffer : he is freed,  
 And on our tears a bridge of light  
 Is built by God, his steps to lead  
 To joys beyond our sight.

*William W. Story.*

### *The Two Mysteries.*

[In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl in his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he. "We don't either."]

WE know not what it is; dear, this sleep so deep and still;  
 The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;  
 The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;  
 The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain,—  
 This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again.  
 We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go;  
 Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we do not know.

But this we know: our loved and dead, if they should come this  
 day,—  
 Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.  
 Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;  
 Yet, O, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say,—these vanished ones,—and blessed is the  
 thought!—

*"So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught"*

We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of death,—  
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath.”

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,  
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.  
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;  
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

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*Julia Lang Synn.*

It singeth low in every heart,  
We hear it each and all,—  
A song of those who answer not,  
However we may call;  
They throng the silence of the breast,  
We see them as of yore,—  
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,  
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,  
When these have laid it down;  
They brightened all the joy of life,  
They softened every frown;  
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them,  
When we are troubled sore!  
Thanks be to God that such have been,  
Although they are no more!

More home-like seems the vast unknown,  
Since they have entered there;  
To follow them were not so hard,  
Wherever they may fare;  
They cannot be where God is not,  
On any sea or shore;  
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,  
Our God, for evermore.

*J. W. Chadwick.*

*The Other Side.*

CLIMBING the mountain's shaggy crest,  
I wondered much what sight would greet  
My eager gaze whene'er my feet  
Upon the topmost height should rest.

The other side was all unknown;  
But as I slowly toiled along,  
Sweeter to me than any song  
My dream of visions to be shown.

At length the topmost height was gained;  
The other side was full in view;  
My dreams — not one of them was true,  
But better far had I attained.

For far and wide on either hand  
There stretched a valley broad and fair,  
With greenness flashing everywhere,—  
A pleasant, smiling, home-like land.

Who knows, I thought, but so 'twill prove  
Upon that mountain-top of death,  
Where we shall draw diviner breath,  
And see the long-lost friends we love.

It may not be as we have dreamed,  
Not half so awful, strange, and grand;  
A quiet, peaceful, home-like land,  
Better than e'er in vision gleamed.

*J. W. Chadwick.*

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*The Good Old Grandmother.*

O, SOFTLY waves the silver hair  
From off that aged brow!  
That crown of glory, worn so long,  
A fitting crown is now.

Fold reverently the weary hands  
That toiled so long and well;  
And, while your tears of sorrow fall,  
Let sweet thanksgivings swell.

---



That life-work, stretching o'er long years,  
A varied web has been ;  
With silver strands by sorrow wrought,  
And sunny gleams between.

These silver hairs stole slowly on,  
Like flakes of falling snow,  
That wrap the green earth lovingly  
When autumn breezes blow.

Each silver hair, each wrinkle there,  
Records some good deed done ;  
Some flower she cast along the way,  
Some spark from love's bright sun.

How bright she always made her home !  
It seemed as if the floor  
Was always flecked with spots of sun,  
And barred with brightness o'er.

The very falling of her step  
Made music as she went ;  
A loving song was on her lip,  
The song of full content.

And now, in later years, her word  
Has been a blessed thing  
In many a home, where glad she saw  
Her children's children spring.

Her widowed life has happy been  
With brightness born of heaven ;  
So pearl and gold in drapery fold  
The sunset couch at even.

O, gently fold the weary hands  
That toiled so long and well ;  
The spirit rose to angel bands,  
When off earth's mantle fell.

She's safe within her Father's house,  
Where many mansions be ;  
O, pray that thus such rest may come,  
Dear heart, to thee and me !

**Lifted Over.**

As TENDER mothers, guiding baby steps,  
 When places come at which the tiny feet  
 Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms  
 Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,  
 So did our Father watch the precious boy,  
 Led o'er the storms by me, who stumbled oft  
 Myself, but strove to help my darling on :  
 He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw  
 Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail ;  
 So reached from heaven and lifting the dear child,  
 Who smiled in leaving me, he put him down  
 Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade  
 Him wait for me ! Shall I not then be glad,  
 And, thanking God, press on to overtake ?

H. H.

---

**Hope for the Sorrowing.**

YE holy ministers of love,  
 Blest dwellers in the upper spheres,  
 In vain we fix our gaze above,  
 For we are blinded by our tears.  
 Oh ! tell us to what land unknown  
 The soul of him we love has flown ?

He left us when his manly heart  
 With earnest hope was beating high :  
 Too soon it seemed for us to part ;  
 Too soon, alas, for him to die !  
 We have the tenement of clay,  
 But aye the soul has passed away !

Away, into the unknown dark,  
 With fearless heart and steady hand,  
 He calmly launched his fragile bark,  
 To seek the spirit's fatherland.  
 Say, has he reached some distant shore,  
 To speak with us on earth no more ?

Hark ! for a voice of gentle tone  
 The answer to our cry hath given,  
 Soft as Æolian harp-strings blown,  
 Responsive to the breath of even,—  
 "I have not sought a distant shore :  
 Lo ! I am with you,— weep no more !  
 "Aye ! Love is stronger far than Death,  
 And wins the victory o'er the grave :  
 Dependent on no mortal breath,  
 Its mission is to guide and save.  
 Above the wrecks of Death and Time,  
 It triumphs, changeless and sublime.  
 "Still shall my love its vigils keep,  
 True as the needle to the pole ;  
 For Death is not a dreamless sleep,  
 Nor is the grave man's final goal.  
 The larger growth, the life divine,—  
 All that I hoped or wished are mine."  
 Blest spirit, we will weep no more,  
 But lay our selfishness to rest :  
 The Providence which we adore  
 Has ordered all things for the best.  
 Life's battle fought, the victory won,  
 To nobler toils pass on, pass on !

*Lizzie Doten.*

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**"Gone is Gone, and Dead is Dead."**

"GONE is gone, and dead is dead !"  
 Words to hopeless sorrow wed,—  
 Words from deepest anguish wrung,  
 Which a lonely wanderer sung,  
 While her harp prolonged the strain,  
 Like a spirit's cry of pain  
 When all hope with life is fled :  
 "Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Mournful singer ! hearts unknown  
 Thrill responsive to that tone ;  
 By a common weal and woe,  
 Kindred sorrows all must know.

Lips all tremulous with pain  
Oft repeat that sad refrain,  
When the fatal shaft is sped :  
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Pain and death are everywhere,—  
In the earth and sea and air ;  
And the sunshine's golden glance,  
And the heaven's serene expanse,  
With a silence calm and high  
Seem to mock that mournful cry,  
Wrung from hearts by hope unfed :  
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

O ye sorrowing ones, arise ;  
Wipe the tear-drops from your eyes ;  
Lift your faces to the light ;  
Read Death's mystery aright.  
Life unfolds from life within,  
And with death does life begin.  
Of the soul can ne'er be said,  
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

As the stars which, one by one,  
Lit their torches at the sun,  
And across ethereal space  
Swept each to its destined place,  
So the soul's Promethean fire,  
Kindled never to expire,  
On its course immortal sped,  
Is not gone, and is not dead.

By a Power to thought unknown,  
Love shall ever seek its own.  
Sundered not by time or space,  
With no distant dwelling-place,  
Soul shall answer unto soul,  
As the needle to the pole,  
Leaving grief's lament unsaid,  
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Evermore Love's quickening breath  
Calls the living soul from death ;

And the resurrection's power  
 Comes to every dying hour.  
 When the soul, with vision clear,  
 Learns that heaven is always near,  
 Never more shall it be said,  
 "Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

*Lizzie Doten.*

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**My Dead.**

I CANNOT think of them as dead  
 Who walk with me no more;  
 Along the path of Life I tread,  
 They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair  
 Beyond my vision dim;  
 All souls are His, and, here or there,  
 Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry  
 Within my heart hath place,  
 As when on earth they walked with me  
 And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;  
 What they to me have been  
 Hath left henceforth its seal and sign  
 Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership  
 Nor time nor death can free;  
 For God hath given to Love to keep  
 Its own eternally.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

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**Sometime.**

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
 And Sun and Stars forevermore have set,  
 The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
 Will flash before us, out of life's dark night  
 As Stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
 And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
 And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, how, while we frown and sigh,  
 God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
 How when we called, He heeded not our cry  
 Because his wisdom to the end could see,  
 And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
 Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
 So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
 Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if sometime, commingled with life's wine,  
 We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
 Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
 Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.  
 And if some friend we love is lying low  
 Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
 Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,  
 But bear your sorrow with obedient grace;

And you shall shortly know, that lengthened breath  
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
 And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
 Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
 If we could push ajar the gates of life  
 And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
 And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart;  
 God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;  
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,  
 Time will reveal the chalices of gold.  
 And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
 Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
 When we shall clearly know and understand,  
 I think that we shall say that "God knew best."

*Mrs. May Riley Smith.*

### Not Death.

NOT death, but life. Thank God that she has risen,  
 That He has sent her peace,  
 That from the pain and shadow of its prison  
 Her soul has found release.

We may not know the glory and the gladness  
 That on the spirit shine,  
 That bore on earth its agony and sadness  
 With patience so divine.

We only know her weariness is ended,  
 That she from pain is free,  
 That her pure soul has to its God ascended,  
 In joy and liberty.

'Tis ours to prize the nature we inherit,  
 Which she has glorified.  
 Nor doubt the power of the immortal spirit  
 Since she has lived and died.

O silent lips ! the lessons you have taught us  
 We tell with falling tears :  
 O noble life ! what blessing thou hast brought us  
 Through all thy weary years !

As all unconscious of thy wondrous beauty,  
 Thou passest into light,  
 May thy sweet patience fill our hearts, and duty  
 Grow holy in our sight.

---

L. M. C.

SUNRISE !—her feet have touched the hills of God ;  
 Heaven's morning air blows sweet upon her brow ;  
 She sees the King in all his beauty now,  
 And walks his courts with full salvation shod.

"Looking to'ard Sunset," even here she caught  
 Prophetic hints of those far, shining lands  
 That lie beyond,—like one who understands  
 The sign, ere yet the miracle is wrought.

And so she went : ah, we who stay below,  
 Watching the radiance of her upward flight,  
 Who, who of us shall reach such lofty height,  
 Or leave behind so fair an after-glow ?

Caroline A. Mason.

*Release.*

As ONE who leaves a prison cell,  
 And looks, with glad though dazzled eye,  
 Once more on wood and field and sky,  
 And feels again the quickening spell  
 Of Nature thrill through every vein,  
 I leave my former self behind,  
 And, free once more in heart and mind,  
 Shake off the old, corroding chain.  
 Free from my past — a jailer dread —  
 And with the Present clasping hands,  
 Beneath fair skies, through sunny lands,  
 Which memory's ghosts ne'er haunt, I tread.  
 The pains and griefs of other days  
 May, shadow-like, pursue me yet ;  
 But toward the sun my face is set,  
 His golden light on all my ways.

*S. S. Conant.**The Dead.*

THE dead are like the stars by day,  
 Withdrawn from mortal eye,  
 Yet holding unperceived their way  
 Through the unclouded sky.  
 By them, through holy hope and love,  
 We feel, in hours serene,  
 Connected with a world above,  
 Immortal and unseen.  
 For death his sacred seal hath set  
 On bright and bygone hours ;  
 And they we mourn are with us yet,  
 Are more than ever ours,—  
 Ours by the pledge of love and faith,  
 By hopes of heaven on high ;  
 By trust, triumphant over death,  
 In immortality.

*Barton.*



**Dying.**

PASSING out of the shadow  
 Into a purer light ;  
 Stepping behind the curtain,  
 Getting a clearer sight ;

Laying aside a burden,  
 This weary mortal coil ;  
 Done with the world's vexations,  
 Done with its tears and toil ;

Tired of all earth's playthings,  
 Heartsick, and ready to sleep,  
 Ready to bid our friends farewell,  
 Wondering why they weep ;

Passing out of the shadow  
 Into eternal day,—  
 Why do we call it dying ?  
 This sweet going away.

L.

**Peace.**

"PEACE !  
 He hath given sweet release ;  
 Neither toil nor care nor pain  
 Ever shall be hers again.  
 Where a song of rapture thrills  
 O'er the everlasting hills,  
 He hath bade all sorrow cease  
 In the blessing of His peace."

"Rest !  
 Precious promise, oh, how blest !  
 Did she hear His cheering word ?  
 'Cast thy burden on the Lord.'  
 All who suffer, all who bear  
 Burdens sore of sin or care,  
 All ye weary and oppressed,  
 'Come and I will give you rest.'

"Sleep!  
 As a weary child might creep  
 In some dim, cool nook, away  
 From his comrades' noisy play,  
 So she, weary of earth's din,  
 Touched the gate and entered in  
 Where, by waters cool and deep,  
 'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

*Julia Mills Dunn.*

Wait.

My friend in the spirit land,  
 With whom I, hand in hand,  
 Have walked so oft on earth,  
 And till thy great new birth;  
 With whom, as we sat or walked,  
 Of deepest things I talked,  
 And of the mysteries vast  
 That we should know at last,—  
 Awful and vaguely told,  
 We should one day behold,—  
 Thou hast beheld them now,  
 Their light is on thy brow;  
 No longer a veil between  
 Thine eyes and the once unseen;  
 No longer from thee concealed,  
 The awful and unrevealed.  
 In the shadow still I stand,  
 But thou in the sunlit land.  
 Oh, tell to my longing ear  
 Of thy life in that new sphere.  
 Oh, tell to my longing heart  
 Where, near or far, thou art.  
 What are seeing those eyes of thine  
 That so lately looked in mine?  
 What is hearing thy ravished ear  
 That so lately listened here?  
 O, lips that so lovingly spake,  
 Can ye not the silence break?  
 Cannot the immortal breath  
 Whisper the secret of death?  
 Thou knowest my hunger and thirst,  
 How I could almost burst

Into that unknown land,  
Nor wait the Lord's command.  
Thou knowest how here our breath  
Seems but a lingering death,  
And how my sad heart ponders  
Ever upon those wonders,—  
Ever on the end of earth  
And the wondrous spirit birth.

Oh, wondrous birth and life !  
Calmness succeeding strife ;  
Joy in the place of sorrow  
And forebodings of the morrow.  
There, the Eternal Presence,  
Here, constant evanescence ;  
There, rest in full assurance,  
Here, pain and mere endurance ;  
There, the exultant shouting,  
Here, the fearing and the doubting ;  
There, sure and blest abodes,  
Here, wandering on rough roads ;  
There, mighty organ swells,  
Here, constant tolling bells.  
Oh, rest of that land of bliss !  
Oh, weariness of this !

And canst thou not, my friend,  
Some of thy new light lend  
To one who loves thee so,  
Yet waits and longs below ?  
Canst thou not feed his yearning  
With something thou art learning,—  
Some hint of the life divine,  
Some unmistakable sign ?

I watch with my every sense,  
I listen with soul intense ;  
But not a whisper comes,  
And a chill my soul benumbs.

But out of the sky at last,  
A word on the void is cast,—  
On the void a single word,  
But it comes as that of the Lord.  
As I hearken, my breath I bate ;  
But that word is only — "Wait."

*Good Bye.*

O BLESSED life of service and of love,  
 Full of such duties as God's angels know!  
 His servants serve Him day and night above,  
 Thou servedst day and night, we thought, below.

O faithful heart, that recked not care or pain  
 When Duty called thee, or when Love did lead,  
 Thou gavest freely, asking not again,  
 The word of comfort or the costly deed.

O gentle hands, so busy evermore  
 With healing touch or helpful tenderness!  
 'Twas yours to lift the burdens others bore,—  
 Your sole reward the joy of usefulness.

O tireless feet, still walking till the last  
 Your patient round, as noiseless as the sun!  
 Your toilsome journey now is overpast,  
 Your years of pilgrimage at length are done.

We know not how to say the word "Good bye."  
 We know not how to leave thee at the gate  
 That opens for thee toward that city high  
 Where other hands with loving welcome wait.

We long shall miss thee as we go our ways.  
 The home will miss thee from its broken band.  
 Full many a tear will tell thy sober praise,  
 And all good works will miss thy helping hand.

And yet, Good bye! good bye! thou faithful soul!  
 From toil and trouble thou hast earned release.  
 Thy weary feet are resting at the goal,  
 The pain of living ended in God's peace.

*Child with the Snowy Cheek.*

CHILD with the snowy cheek,  
 Child with the stainless brow,  
 Thy white-robed form and look so meek  
 Are as an angel's now.

Death's mystery hath cast  
 Its strangeness o'er thy face,  
 But the angel marred not as he passed  
 One line of its tender grace.

He but folded the waxen hands,  
Sent sleep on the gladsome eyes,  
And wrapped thee round with the viewless bands  
Of death's great, still surprise.

Now into the upper life,  
Into realms of infinite peace,  
Thou hast entered at once, untouched by the strife  
That comes with our life's increase.

Into the infinite love,  
Into the cloudless light,  
Into the welcome that waited above,—  
Below thee, the storm and night.

Saved from the toilsome way  
We travel with weary feet,  
From the bitterness hid in the cup alway,  
Whose first taste is so sweet.

The base and the unkind,  
The cruel and the untrue,  
Soiling and stain of the deathless mind,  
Fair child, are not for you.

For you there is gladness and rest  
Where the white-robed singers stand,  
Where pain is forgotten and sorrow is blest,  
In the soul's own fatherland;

Where the little ones of earth,  
In gardens and meadows broad,  
Wandering and playing, make musical mirth  
By the soft-flowing river of God.

But we! In a world of pain,  
We linger and weep and wait;  
And we strive in vain any glimpse to gain  
Of thee and the Beautiful Gate.

For the gate that is gold to thee,  
Golden and jewelled and bright,  
Is wrapped in a gloom on the side we see,—  
Its sentinels, Fear and Night.

But the gate of gloom and of gold  
 Will open to us some day,  
 On hinges of silence backward rolled;  
 And Fear will vanish away.

And Night into Morning will change,  
 As the light of the Land comes out,  
 And a rapture, sudden and sweet and strange,  
 Succeed to our trouble and doubt.

Oh, blessed and strong and sweet  
 The hope of that coming time,  
 When thy welcoming hands our hands shall meet  
 In the gate of the Life Sublime;

In the gate of the City of God;  
 In the gate of the Infinite Peace;  
 In the sweet dawn-light that shall shine abroad  
 O'er the fields of our love's increase.

*W. H. Savage.*

### **The Home-Seeker.**

#### **I.**

TWILIGHT falls: a tiny maiden  
 Cometh up the village street;  
 Vagrant locks, all dewy-laden,  
 Eager eyes and tired feet  
 Hath the shadowy little maiden.

Tired of wandering and of playing,  
 Up the dim street see her come:  
 Hurrying now, and now delaying,  
 Toward the rest and love of home,  
 Comes the maiden from her playing.

#### **II.**

See! again! a woman hasting  
 Down a shadowy, sunset way,  
 Loving, anxious glances casting  
 Through the twilight soft and gray;  
 Homeward, loveward she is hasting.

Laughing children run to meet her  
 From the home-door opened wide;  
 Loving words and kisses greet her,  
 Pattering feet run by her side;  
 All the home comes forth to meet her.

## III.

Look once more! a pilgrim weary  
 Standeth in the twilight gray;  
 All around is strange and dreary,  
 And she asks, with plaintive query,  
 "Can you show the homeward way?  
 Lead me homeward: I am weary."

Then a Presence stood to guide her,  
 Pointed where the way did lie;  
 Gently spoke and walked beside her  
 To a gateway dim and high.  
 "Home," she breathed, with restful sigh,  
 To the Presence that did guide her.

## IV.

Homeward still, the tiny maiden,  
 Motherhood, love and care laden,  
 Age, with weight of years oppressed,  
 Homeward turn for love and rest.  
 And the home, with open door,  
 Waits with "Welcome" evermore.

*W. H. Savag*

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*The Sunset Way.*

THE sun that sinks when Eventide  
 Sits veiled, with dewy eyes,  
 Beside the gateway of the West,  
 On other lands doth rise.

The life that sinks, when failing breath  
 Is hushed to stillness at the last,  
 Veiled in the mystery of death,  
 Is as a star when clouds sweep past.

Night's gateway is the gate of Dawn,  
Death's gate the gate of Birth;  
The sun that set is shining on;  
The soul now lost to earth,

Emerging from the brief eclipse  
By evening shadows cast,  
Smiles, star-like, in that other morn  
Where pain and death are past.

And, spreading fair and sweet before,  
Are fields of rest and peace,  
Where joy doth sing for evermore,  
And love doth still increase.

O friends, who take the sunset way  
And fear the coming night,  
Each sunset is a birth of day,  
Your steps approach the light.

Love cannot die: eternity  
Shall keep your sacred trust, be sure;  
"For God is love," and heaven must be  
A home where love may dwell secure.

Look onward! High above the tomb  
The omens of the morning shine!  
The evening has its transient gloom,  
The morrow comes with beams divine.

*W. H. Savage.*

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### *The Finished Life.*

THERE'S a beauty of the spring-time  
With its fresh grass and its flowers,  
With the song-birds in the branches  
And the children's happy hours.

But there is no less of beauty  
When the leaves turn gold and brown  
In the short'ning days of autumn,  
And far south the birds have flown.



If the rough hand of the tempest  
 Tears away the fresh young leaves  
 Over youthful vigor wasted,  
 Who can wonder if one grieves ?

But when off the autumn branches  
 Drop the brown leaves one by one,  
 Seems it then as fair and fitting  
 As the setting of the sun.

Here the old man by the fireside  
 Backward looks through tender tears,  
 And he says, " With wife and children  
 Trod I long and happy years."

As he sitteth by the window,  
 Looking o'er the city ways,  
 Whispers he, " Success and honor  
 Have been mine in gone by days.

" I have seen the world's fair beauty ;  
 I have tasted all its sweet ;  
 Now, beyond my two and threescore,  
 Life for me is all complete.

" For the face of her who loved me  
 Beckons to me far away :  
 I have wrought the work God gave me,  
 Then why should I longer stay ?"

And O friends, who'd dare to keep him ?  
 Let us sound no fun'r'al knell ;  
 But say of his life, "*'Twas blessed !*"  
 And say of his death, "*'Tis well !*"

M. J. .

---

" Better Off."

" HE's better off." With words like these  
 Kind friends their comfort try to speak.  
 None doubts it of a man like him ;  
 Yet far off sound the words, and weak.

The heart that loves is not content,  
 How well soe'er the loved one be,  
 To have him happy far away,  
 But cries, " I want him still *with me !*"

That other country may be fair,  
 Brighter than aught the earth has shown,  
 But better any place with him  
 Than to be left here all alone.

Thus pleads the heart that God has made,—  
 He cannot blame what he has given,—  
 For heaven without love could not be,  
 And, having love, the earth is heaven.

The folded hands, the closing eyes,  
 The yielding up of failing breath,—  
 These not the worst: to tear apart  
 Two hearts that truly love *is death*.

Since love is all the joy of life,  
 In earth below or heaven above,  
 Somewhere, we cannot help but trust,  
 God keeps for us the ones we love.

Like ships the storms drive far apart  
 Wide o'er the sea 'neath cloud and sun.  
 We still sail for the self-same port,  
 And meet there when the voyage is done.

And as we tell the story o'er,  
 How we were driven by the blast,  
 More sweet will be those sunny hours  
 By contrast with the sorrows past.

M. J. S.

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#### Death's Lesson.

FROM these closed eyes, and these white lips  
 Where loving smiles no longer play,  
 What to the ear that silence hears,  
 Does Death to us, the living, say?

"Sweet friends, the words of love you wish  
 You'd said to me while I could hear  
 Take heed, in days to come, you speak  
 To living ones who still are near.

' No more for me can you do aught,  
 Save make the flowers bloom where I sleep :  
 But hearts of living ones still ache,  
 And eyes of living ones still weep.

" Pour out on them the love and care  
 You wish you could on me bestow :  
 Then, when some other falls asleep,  
 O'er vain regrets no tears shall flow."

Death, then, would teach us how to live,—  
 How we shall die need give no care,—  
 Live as we'll wish we had; and then  
 Death's face becomes divinely fair.

*M. J. S.*

**A. R. C.**

WHEN falls the night upon the earth,  
 And all in shadow lies,  
 The sun's not dead : his radiance still  
 Beams bright on other skies.

And when the dawn star groweth dim  
 Upon the brow of morn,  
 It still shines on, though earthly eyes,  
 That miss it, grow forlorn.

Some other world is glad to see  
 Our star that's gone away :  
 The light whose going makes our night  
 Makes somewhere else a day.

The feet that cease there walking here,  
 Tired of the way they've trod,  
 With strength renewed go travelling  
 The pathway up to God.

The hand whose patient fingers now  
 Have laid earth's labor by,  
 With loving skill has taken up  
 Some higher ministry.

The eyes that give no longer back  
 The tender look of love,  
 Now, with a deathless gleam, drink in  
 God's beauteous world above.

The lips whose sweet tones made us ask  
 If angels sweeter sung,  
 Though silent here, make heaven glad  
 With their melodious tongue.

And, though her body lies asleep,  
 Our favorite is not dead:  
 She rises through dark death's bright birth,  
 "With joy upon her head."

And she is just our loved one still,  
 And loves us now no less:  
 She goes away to come again,—  
 To watch us, and to bless.

And though we cannot clasp her hand,  
 Nor look upon her face,  
 Nor listen to her voice again,  
 Nor watch her ways of grace,—

Still we can keep her memory bright,  
 And walk the way she trod,  
 And trust she waits until we come  
 Up to the house of God.

Let us be thankful, through our tears,  
 That she was ours so long,  
 And try to hush our tones of grief  
 And listen to her song.

*M. J. S.*

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**He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.**

- HE resteth now. No more his breast  
 Heaves with its weary breath:  
 Pain now no more contracts the brow  
 Where broods the calm of death.
- Sunk to his rest, like tired child,
- He lies in slumber deep,  
 Soft folded in the arms of Him  
 Who "giveth his beloved sleep."

- Nay, doth he rest? No: day nor night  
 • He resteth not from praise.  
 • His spirit, winged with rapture, knows  
     No more earth's weary ways;  
     But ever towards the Infinite  
 • His flight on, upward, doth he keep;  
 For he gives active tirelessness,  
     Who "giveth his beloved sleep."

And while we grope our doubtful way,  
 Tear-blinded in the night,

- He reads the meaning of our grief  
     Clear writ in heavenly light.  
 • And looking o'er the path he trod,  
     Weary, oft-times, and rough and steep,  
 • He knows 'twas goodness led him on,  
     And gave to "his beloved sleep."  
 • We, heart-sore pilgrims, follow him:  
 • It is not for his fate we moan,  
 • But that we "see his face no more,"  
     And now must travel on alone.  
 • He, standing on the hills of God,  
     Doth beckon to us while we weep.  
 The night is short, the morning's dawn  
     Shall greet us rising from our sleep.

M. J. .

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G. M.

OH, what is all that can be done,  
 And what is all that can be said?  
 When all is passed, the fact remains  
 That he, my noble one, is dead.

Friends gather round and speak to me,  
 But can they make *him* speak once more?  
 I see them coming, but I hear  
 Not his loved footfall on the floor.

They clasp my hand in sympathy;  
 But, oh! his hand is still and cold:  
 They look upon me, but his eyes  
 Will look no more the love of old.

O friends, your sympathy is dear,  
But who can give him back to me?  
Empty and poor is all the world,  
Since I his face no more can see.

I do not mourn a common loss.  
O merchants, have you known of one,  
A truer, cleaner-handed man  
Than he whose earthly work is done?

Tell me, O friends, if anywhere,  
In all your circles, far or near,  
You've found a firmer, truer friend  
Than this fast friend that sleepeth here!

O mothers, who with love and pride,  
In all the years since time begun,  
Have trained your children, tell me where  
You've found a truer, tenderer son!

O husbands, wives, in all the earth,  
Was any less disposed to roam?  
One who was purer in his love,  
Or more devoted to his home?

O country, in your hour of need,  
When swords were crossed in bitter strife,  
What nobler patriot did you find,  
Or truer to your perilled life?

If "trees are by their fruitage known,"  
O God, who seest the "inner part,"  
Then search him through, and thou shalt find  
That he was sound and true at heart.

But what can this avail me now?  
Because in him there was no dross,  
Because my memories are so fair,  
Therefore is mine the greater loss.

But — God forgive me! — though I bear  
A pain that words can never tell,  
Yet somehow I must still believe  
That what so crushes me is well.

The memory of his noble life  
 Shall still inspire me ; and some day  
 The clouds may lift, and light once more  
 Shine round about my darkened way.

I know he'd have me hopeful still ;  
 Let me look up, then, through my tears.  
 He'll not return ; but I shall hope  
 To find him in the happier years.

*M. J. S.*

*J. F. T.*

I LOVED him, friends ; and in the mourner's place  
 Would I sit silent with my tears to-day.  
 But now his lips are still, and I must speak ;  
 But what words can our thoughts of him portray ?

A true and sincere man ! With open mind  
 And heart all crystal-clear, he faced the light.  
 For though it pained him, still with steadfast gaze,  
 As on the sun, he dared look on the right.

No ear he stopped, although the voice divine  
 Bade him walk onward in an untried way :  
 Such faith in God was his, he could not doubt  
 The star of truth must lead toward the day.

Stern was he in the battle for the right,  
 With foot that faltered not, though hard the path.  
 The fire of love for man that warmed his soul  
 Against all wrong could flame with virtuous wrath.

Yet gentle was he as a little child ;  
 And, in his tender, sympathetic heart,  
 Weakness and sorrow found a hiding-place :  
 No pang of others, but he felt the smart.

He loved his home. As needle to the pole  
 Turns ever true on whate'er seas men roam,  
 So to his fireside turned his constant heart :  
 No spot to him so blessed as his home.

Yet from this home, as from a central sun,  
His love for man o'er all the earth outshone :  
No earnest cause appealed to him in vain,  
That hoped to lead the old earth up and on.

A noble man lies here asleep to-day.  
After long weeks of weariness and pain,  
Death drew her restful curtains round his bed ;  
And, though we call, he will not wake again.

Nor would we wish to wake him if we might ;  
For he has seen the Unseen face to face.  
His work on earth is finished. Who would dare  
To call him down again from his high place ?

And yet, O friends ! it is such men as he  
That make the earth seem empty when they leave.  
That he was noble is our comfort now,  
And yet 'tis for this very cause we grieve.

To you, whose broken home will seem so still,  
So vacant now that he has gone away,  
I fain would speak some word of hope and cheer  
And yet what is it any one can say ?

None doubts 'tis well with him. But you will long  
To clasp his hand, to see his face once more.  
At morn, you'll listen for his cheery voice ;  
At night, to hear his foot-fall on the floor.

The sting of death remains when all is said ;  
For it is this,—that those we hold so dear  
No longer walk the ways of life *with us*.  
We want them happy, but we want them *here*.

When all is said and done, we come to this :  
Though clouds be round us and tears dim our way,  
We still trust that He who makes the night  
Will lead us through it to the coming day.

We'll hide his loving memory in our hearts ;  
We'll follow in the pathway that he trod :  
We'll make each day another step upon  
The stairway leading up to *him* and God.



*The Heart's Spring-Time.*

THE earth lay shrouded white in snow ;  
With low, sad voice, the winds wailed by ;  
While, as in hopeless prayer, the trees  
Their gaunt arms lifted to the sky.

All nature was in chains : the brooks  
Crept ice-bound on their sluggish way ;  
The sun shone feebly, and the night  
Soon blotted out the cheerless day.

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Then from the south the glad spring came,  
And breathed through all the chilly air,  
And wheresoe'er her warm feet trod  
Sprang life and beauty everywhere.

The fields and meadows all put on  
Their spangled dress of grass and flowers,  
Brooks babbled, and ecstatic birds  
Made shake with joy their leafy towers.

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Such is the spring-time of the year !  
But tell me, then, Has *man* no part  
In life's long triumph over death ?  
Is there no spring-time of the heart ?

Our loved ones, shrouded white, have lain  
Beneath the snow these many years :  
The sad-voiced winds above them go,  
And on their graves drip rainy tears.

Their shadowy memories visit us,—  
For dreams at least can leave that shore,—  
Mother's gray hairs and gentle eyes,  
As light she steps across the floor ;

Or comes the brother of our youth,  
Making the far-off years draw nigh ;  
The wife, long lost, our fadeless dream,  
The same old love-look in her eye ;

The laughing child, whose sunny hair  
Was so entangled in our heart  
It bleeds afresh when we recall  
The hour that tore our lives apart.

'Tis winter in our lives! Snows fall,  
Chill, dreary skies are overhead,  
The fresh leaves of our youth are gone,  
The flowers of our hope are dead.

Is there no spring-time of the heart?  
Will our lives bud again no more?  
Will they no more return,— the birds  
Whose music made us glad before?

---

Nay, listen! In my heart, I hear  
The whisper of another spring:  
The winds blow warm from sunny lands,  
Leaves burst and buds are blossoming.

I catch the fragrance of that clime  
Where summer blooms the whole round year,  
Where every sound melts into song  
And comes as music to my ear.

The lost ones hidden by the snow,  
With faces white and still and cold,  
Beneath those soft skies wake again  
To live and love us as of old.

Mother and brother, wife and child,—  
They keep the same remembered faces:  
Only tear-stains and lines of care  
With deathless youth can find no places.

And, best of all, it looks like home,  
No strange land trod by alien feet;  
Familiar as our childhood haunts,  
Clothed all in mellow sunlight sweet.

The heart's long prayer is answered thus:  
The dead through no far countries roam;  
As babes born into waiting arms,  
They die into some higher home.

And 'neath the sunshine of this hope  
 My life, where joy had ceased to sing,  
 Where dead flowers mocked the withered leaves,  
 Now buds and blossoms like the spring.

M. J.

**The Dead One's Message.**

COULD now the silence of these lips  
 Wake into speech once more to-day  
 With their sweet tones of old-time love,  
 What last words, think you, would they say ?

" Weep for me tenderly ; for I,  
 Were you here lying in my place,  
 Would press my warm lips on your brow,  
 And rain the hot tears on your face.

" For is it not death's sting to know  
 That, howe'er happy, still apart  
 Our pathways lead us, while the old,  
 Strong love still yearns within the heart ?

" And, when this body's laid away,  
 I'd have you my low earth-bed make  
 All fresh with grass, and sweet with flowers,  
 And sacred for the old-time's sake.

" But then, sweet friends, look up and on !  
 Let sunshine all the clouds break through ;  
 And do not, for my sake, forget  
 What *for the living* you should do :

" Let not the shadow of my loss  
 Darken the path the living tread ;  
 But let the memories of my past  
 Still cheer and help, though I am dead.

" These ears can hear your words no more,  
 However fondly you may speak :  
 For my sake then, with words of love,  
*The living cheer*, and help the weak.

" My heart, now still, no longer aches :  
 But weary thousands watch and wake  
 Through dreary nights and hopeless days ;  
 Help them before their sad hearts break !

" Your willing hands for me have wrought ;  
 But now I need your help no more.  
 The service you would render me  
 Give those who suffer at your door.

" Cherish my memory in your heart !  
 But, lest it grow a selfish thing,  
 Make channels for a thousand streams,  
 Of which my love shall be the spring.

" So from the grave I still may speak ;  
 Still help the sorrowing world to bless ;  
 Still live, though dead, and swell the tide  
 Of human love and happiness."

*M. J. S.*

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### Which is Better?

FROM out of the mystery cometh to earth  
 A new child of God through the gateway of birth.

Out into the mystery there beyond breath  
 Goes a new child of God through the gateway of death.

We smile at the birth, at the death toll the bell ;  
 Yet which is the better, who is there can tell ?

How oft is the birth to a life full of tears,—  
 To a path that is rough and o'erclouded by fears !

How often, heart-hungry for love unreturned,  
 We see the bliss vanish for which we have yearned !

How often the structures we reared with delight,  
 Our houses of joy, crumble down in a night !

A live sorrow often is harder, we say,  
 Than the parting from those who are taken away ;

And we sigh for the peace of an undisturbed sleep  
 Where hearts are not broken, and eyes do not weep.

Our birth is a coming — so wise men have said —  
From some other land, where they count us as dead.

For, if it be true we existed before,  
To the old home we died, as we came to this shore.

Did they mourn our departure there, as we to-day  
Lament for our dear ones when they go away?

Who knows, then, that what we call death may not be  
But another new birth, through whose gateway we

Take one more step onward, as ever we climb  
The ladder of life, reaching up through all time?

Birth and death may be one, then : the different view,  
Or coming or going, makes us think them two.

And, since life reaches upward and on through all time,  
Each death may be birth into some fairer clime.

Since in birth and death both there are mysteries deep,  
And whether they're waking or going to sleep

We know not; and whether 'tis better to stay,  
Or whether 'tis best to be going away,—

Let us trust and be patient; for sure He must know,  
From whose Life we come, to whose Life we go.

Birth! death! — which is better we now cannot tell.  
Believe, then, that *both* in His hands are well.

M. J. S.

### *The Loss of a Child.*

#### A LESSON OF TRUST.

A BUD of life just opening  
Its petals fresh and fair,  
But now frost-nipped and withered  
In spite of all my care!

Both day and night I watched it,  
'Twas never out of sight :  
Glad tears I gave for dew-drops,  
And love for sunshine bright.

And yet it needs must wither ?  
O Father, tell me why,  
Of all in earth's wide garden,  
My tiny flower must die !

A thousand happy mothers  
Their little ones still hold,  
While I for mine must hunger  
With yearnings all untold.

In other homes, child voices  
Laugh out their happy glee ;  
But all their winsome prattle  
Seems mockery now to me !

For my child's voice is silent ;  
And no one tells me why,  
Of all glad mother's children,  
My precious child must die !

Then came from out the silence —  
As though some heart above  
Was melted into pity —  
These tender words of love :

“ O mother, in your sorrow,  
O father, in your grief,  
Can you not trust a little,  
And, trusting, find relief ?

“ I lead you in the darkness  
A way you may not tell ;  
And, if I would, I cannot  
The mystery dispel.

“ Can you, with all your trying,  
To childish thought make plain  
The wisdom of your training,  
The school-day toil and pain ?

“ However plain the language,  
It falls on childish ears :  
They cannot spell its meaning  
With eyes all dim with tears.

---

" The boy cannot know manhood :  
The coming years must teach  
How childhood's trust and trouble  
Toward grander issues reach.

" Till you can read the future,  
How can you know to-day ?  
'Tis ever by the ending  
That you must judge the way.

" To your own little children,  
Who, fearful, clasp your hand,  
You say, ' Fear not, but trust me :  
*Some day, you'll understand.*'

" Learn thus your own good lesson :  
Be patient ; and one day,  
From some height looking backward,  
You'll see your earthly way ;

" And then your grown-up childhood  
You'll know as school-day hours,  
And all your tears as dew-drops  
That helped life's opening flowers.

" Trust, then, while through the darkness  
I lead you by the hand.  
The end that's now beyond you  
*Some day you'll understand."*

M. J.

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### The Dead Home.

THE heart of home is still ;  
The house stands on the street,  
Nor tells the passers by  
Its heart has ceased to beat.

And yet within how changed !  
The rooms look as of old :  
Across the carpets fair,  
The sunlight pours its gold.

The tables and the books,  
The stairways and the hall,  
Seem as before : still hang  
The pictures on the wall.

The little ones, too young  
To know what it may mean,  
Their wondering questions ask,  
With tears and smiles between.

The body of the home  
Stands still upon the street ;  
But yet how changed within,—  
Its heart has ceased to beat !

The mother was the heart,—  
The mother and the wife :  
Her smile was all its light :  
Her movement all its life.

Now that she smiles no more,  
And does not lift her head,  
The *house* may still remain,  
But, oh, the *home* is dead !

The lonely husband broods  
Upon the years gone by,—  
The kindness on her lips,  
The love-light in her eye.

And then he looks before,  
And shrinks to meet the days,  
When, sitting all alone,  
He'll miss her quiet ways.

His heart is sore to think  
That time may e'en erase  
From her own children's hearts  
The memory of her face.

For now their wondering looks  
Beseech the reason deep  
Why mother lies so still,  
And why the others weep.



Oh, house upon the street,  
 What comfort can be said  
 To him who weeps within?  
 The heart of home is dead!

But this: You must be brave  
 The little ones to bless  
 With all your manhood's strength  
 And all her tenderness.

'Tis double duty now:  
 If she could speak, she'd say,  
 "Let not the ones we loved —  
 Now I have gone away —"

"Be poor in love or care;  
 Be mother in my place;  
 And let them not forget  
 Their absent mother's face.

"Some day, who knows, perchance  
 Where friends can ne'er forget,  
 They'll clasp me in their arms,  
 And call me mother yet."

*M. J.*

### *From Life to Life.*

FROM life to life he passed: no death is here;  
 This is a step of progress, not the end.  
 I hear him saying, with a voice of cheer,  
 'Tis of life's nature ever to ascend!

From love to love he passed; sweet love he knew,  
 And breathed it here as freely as the air;  
 But love still dearer, love long-tried and true  
 He knew was waiting for him over there!

From song to song he passed; above earth's strife  
 He heard the music that is prophecy:  
 This music wrought he into heart and life,  
 And caught the key of heaven's own harmony.

From good to good he passed ; his gentle heart  
 Found good in others, passed the evil by :  
 So of the good he grew to be a part,  
 And 'mid the good his pathway still must lie.

'Tis passing, then, not dying, we behold ;  
 And who would shun a destiny like this,—  
 T' escape the feebleness of growing old,  
 And find ourselves forever young in bliss ?

O 'twere not kindness here to bid him wait !  
 Were I as he was, I would even pray,  
 " Keep me not knocking here outside the gate,  
 But let me pass and find the upward way ! "

Death sometimes comes in questionable guise,  
 And blinds us in a mystery of grief :  
 But this is beautiful as sunset skies,  
 Or glory of October's reddening leaf !

Life's lessons he had learned : had drained the cup  
 Of earth's experiences of smiles and tears ;  
 It was his time then gladly to take up  
 The higher labors of his grander years.

How shall we praise him,— we who loved him so ?  
 For praise but makes the loss seem greater yet,  
 But lighter worth would heavier make the blow ;  
 We will rejoice we've so much to regret !

One thing o'ershadows all things else to-day,  
 O'ershadows with a cloud that is all bright,  
 A cloud shot through with every brilliant ray  
 That can assure us of unclouded light.

His was a lover-heart ; and in his youth  
 He met a lover-heart that matched his own,  
 And year by year they walked in changeless truth  
 Till suddenly he found himself alone !

And since that day, now fifteen years ago,  
 He has but waited ; manly among men,  
 And yet but half himself alone, till, lo !  
 At last he clasps her and is whole again !

Indeed, through his long illness, in the gloom  
That shadowed other eyes, a presence fair  
He sometimes seemed to see within the room,  
Or catch her whisper on the silent air.

And who can doubt that on the other side,  
Not far away, she waited, as of old  
When first he came and claimed her for his bride?  
So once again clasped hands each other hold!

There let us leave them with the first fresh kiss  
Still on the lips that speak of pain no more;  
Young love is sweet, but they have found a bliss  
They had not dreamed of in the days of yore!

And though oft-times the tide of sorrow rush  
Across our hearts, at thought of our great loss,  
Yet, for their sakes, our own grief we will hush  
And for their crown will patient bear our cross.

So, father, mother, though unseen the chain  
That binds us to thee, it will never break;  
We'll follow thee; nor shall it be in vain;  
Thou'lt hear our call, "Wait, till we overtake!"

Meantime we'll pitch our lives unto the key  
Of that thou'rt living: so one music sweet  
We'll make until our earthly harmony  
Shall blend with thine and make one song complete!

*M. J. S.*







































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